

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY. PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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[E. V. WILSON,]

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[LOMBARD, ILL.]

WHOLE No. 38.

AMSTERDAM STATION, ILL.

A SKIPPER'S STORY OF THREE SAINTS.

They sat on the steps of the station
And waited for trains to connect —
A colporteur eating his ration
And a skipper who twice had been wrecked —
And the strangers began conversation.

The skipper was wrinkled and hoary,
His skin was the color of leather;
The other looked hungry and sorry,
And after discussing the weather
The skipper struck into his story.

"I'll tell ye of the three saints I've knowed of,
That giv' up their lives for their brothers —
A sort you may not hev allowed of,
But folks that'll die to save others
Is bein's for God to be proud of.

"Ship Swallow, Cap'n James Bee,
In a fog off the Hatteras coast,
Was wrecked on a ledge to the sea;
Jim stood like a rock at his post
And went down in a gulp of the sea.

"He showed how to build us a raft,
And crowded her full as she'd float;
He sprung to the davits abaft,
And lowered and loaded each boat;
Then stuck to the battered old craft.

"He saved every life but his own —
Women, children, the men, and the crew,
Cheered when the last dory was gone —
No room for him in her, he knew,
And he went to the bottom alone!"

"My friend," asked the colporteur grim,
"Had Swan made his peace with the Lord?"
And he laid down his cracker. "What, Jim?"
Said the skipper: "I shoulnd't s'pose God
'D be mad at a feller like him!"

"Another was young Andy Bell,
Who worked in the Cumberland coal;
He stood at the mouth of the well,
The mine was afire, and the hole
Blazed up like a furnace of hell!

"The men was imprisoned below;
The women was screamin' above;
The boss shouted, 'Who'll face the foe,
And go to the rescue for love?'
And Andy remarked, 'I will go;

"I kin die in the shaft, for I hain't
Nary father nor mother nor wife!
And down in the bucket he went;
Saved fifty by losin' his life;
I say Andy Bell was a saint!"

"Did he pray God?" the colporteur cries,
"To help him to fight with the flames?"
"Now I think on't," the skipper replies,
"I've heard Andy mention His name
More freknt than some would advise!"

"Did he love Jesus? Bow at his shrine?"
Asks the colporteur. "Then it is well."
The skipper says, "Thar was no sign —
But if Jesus didn't love Andy Bell
I don't want no Jesus in mine!"

"The third one, Newt Evans, my friend,
Took his engine to Prairie du Chien;
Saw a speck on the track at the Bend,
And cried to the stoker, 'Eugene!
If that ain't a brakin', I'll be dined!"

"A baby — an' makin' mud pienes!
Mind the train." To the shriek of the bell
He ran forward; sprang out for the prize.
Saved the girl? Yes; but, parson, he fell —
Both his legs were cut off at the thighs."

"Was he washed in the blood of the Lamb?"
Asked the preacher, "and cleansed from his sin?"
The skipper arose — "Am-ster-dam! —
Let me jest get my bearin's again,
An' sorter make out where I am."

He walked to the office — was mute;
When the agent asked what he desired,
He tapped on his pate in salute,
Then turned out his thumb and inquired,
"Who — is — this 'ere crazy — galute?"

Truth needs no eloquence to enforce its claims, no armies to vindicate its cause; but with the artless simplicity of a child presents itself to those prepared for it.

If you have talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be obtained without it.

Understand the reason, and all the reasons, why a bad habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts, that lead to temptation.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A TALE OF LIFE:

OR,

THE BROKER AND HIS VICTIMS.

"Each word we speak, each thought we write,
Through future ages wings its way;
For weal or woe, it takes its flight,
Enwraps with gloom or sheds its ray."

"I speak not this to condemn you, for I have said before that ye are in our hearts, to die and live with you."

CHAPTER VI.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

In the preceding chapter I promised to close it with an account of my experience of Death, and my entrance into the "School of Instruction." From the apparently brief, but yet appropriate method adopted, you may imagine that there exists a deficiency in the statement, but in truth there is none. I felt no pain or consciousness when "Death's cold hand embraced me." I bowed my head in a hoped-for sleep, imposed by the narcotic, and I knew nothing more of Earth's laws of material power. My sensations I have described as an awakening, and finding myself standing (not sitting as I had been) by the table, and looking down upon those papers that had been to me the last sad token of earthly delusion, shame, and crime.

Prior to taking the last dose of morphia, I had fully satisfied myself that I had been victimized and sacrificed by a Judas. My lips had given utterance to a curse upon him, and Death sealed them forever, with this fearful recorded imprecation on my fellow man.

When I looked upon the serious, loving countenance of my mother I started and trembled; I felt awestruck, being deeply conscious that she was dead. I thought that she had thus appeared to me in reproof of the curse I had uttered. I tried to move, but found myself helpless; her hand rested upon my shoulder, and gently turning me she silently pointed to my body with its bowed head, seated in the chair beside me, and then to myself in a new body. I looked bewildered and afraid, as I observed her countenance in agony, gazing upward with a solemnity indescribable to Earth; her lips moved in silent prayer, and she appeared to me as one entranced; her hand pressed me down, and obediently I obeyed, and knelt at her feet. In this suppliant attitude she knelt beside me, and closing her arms around my trembling frame, she bent her head in humble reverence, and whispered, "My poor boy, behold the end of thy earthly hopes." She then bid me repeat after her a prayer of sublime eloquence and deep, fervent solicitation, for aid and strength to repent, and that the curse with which I had closed my life on Earth might, by my labor as a spirit, be turned into a future blessing, through a rectification unknown to mortality, but ordained by His mercy. She then rose, and placing me by her side, with one arm around my waist, she thus addressed me:

"My child of Earth, whom I love, obediently to the material law of existence, and whom I loved with the fond idolatry of *that life*, behold the end of all thy labor as a mortal; by these records before us you sowed to

the flesh, and, by its unerring laws, you have reaped the delusion allotted to selfishness and avarice. All thy life has been that of a gambler's, living with and consorting with gamblers; as traffickers in gold and silver, using paper tokens only, that by ingenuity of construction they use as means to deceive and impoverish the inexperienced and ignorant; these emblems yield no intrinsic value, the promise conveyed by them is never fulfilled, the foundation of issue rests in great expectations, which the changing wind of artifice and criminality dissipates. These dealers are worse than the usurers of old, whom your Bible curses, and your community laws profess to restrain, but do not, as all your laws are curbed by stratagems and bridled by artifice, so that the innocent suffer for a time, until a futurity adjusts and the equity of the Divine punishes.

"As your associates have been, so has your life been, and your closing disappointment is a natural result of unerring law. Error in earthly duty is apparent in both; your life has been misspent, through obedience to a false view of existence, and the crude ideas enacted in your social state. By prayer and supplication to 'our Father,' whom you and your associates ignore through ignorance, and neglect through selfishness, has in mercy restored you to me again, that in Spirit life I may teach thy spirit its duty of rectification and the reverence due to the Author of Existence. Come, then, with me, my child, from this abode of earthly frailty, pride, and folly, and when I have prepared thee for thy duty as a spirit, you shall return to earth again, in order to correct every error and rectify every word and thought, for nothing that is impure can enter heaven, or comprehend its joys."

She folded her arms around me, placed my head upon her shoulder, and bore me away in sleep from the chamber of desolation.

My duty now is, to endeavor to convey to you in the language of Earth, a faint description of scenes and duties, unknown to you, linked closely with your terrestrial home, but independent of its laws, customs, and opinions. The tie that unites the two states of existence is so intimately blended that it needs the great lesson of Death to convince the mortal of immortality, and prepare the freed spirit to perceive the difference that exists. I might convey to you in the words of poetic beauty, the picture I shall describe, or adopt the language of oratory, with its comparative delineations, so as to sketch the outline; but you must pardon the attempt, for on earth I was a plain-spoken man, carefully avoiding all phrases of a flowery aspect, and only cultivating a clear, concise phraseology, so as to be easily understood and distinctly comprehended; ambiguity of expression I avoided, and I especially disliked hyperbolic tendencies. Though I became their victim on earth, my innate feelings guide me in eternity, consequently my description will be plain and truthful, carefully shunning those pathways that the poet would revel in, and the intricacies that delight the exaggerator.

Oh, my mother! (For I shall use the terms we love on earth throughout my narrative, as best suited to your comprehension, though I must declare that in Spirit life the names giv-

en to objects and spirits are based in a different rule, and adopted with a purer definition; but "mother" is a hallowed name that angels love and the wanderers ever respond to; it is that sacred tie between strength and feebleness, ignorance and knowledge, heaven and earth, figuratively adopted also as a type for the creation with its Originator. "My Mother," what mortal does not turn with an awakening tenderness, in all their trials and afflictions, to the utterance of this mystic bond; what thrilling memories are called forth, when, after years of absence and silence, the gentle, loving voice of a mother is owned and welcomed.) As a being weakened by illness and feebler than an infant, I laid my head on my mother's shoulder and passed into the trance sleep of exhaustion, an experience that awaits you all before the spirit form is fully prepared for its first movement in the new life, and I pray that all my readers in their individual experience of the passage of the tomb, may be as blessed by God as I was, in being received into my mother's arms as the harbor of refuge in distress.

When the sleep ended and I opened my eyes again I saw my mother gazing upon me. I was lying upon a shaded bank by the side of a running stream of clear water, in the midst of a dense grove of young trees; the foliage was impenetrable, which placed me in an apparent solitude. My mother, stooping over me, laved my face, head, and shoulders with cool, refreshing water, the effect of which imparted a peculiar thrill to my frame, refreshing my exhausted condition; her hands gently washed me, calling vividly to mind the maternal solicitude of earth, and though her face beamed with an unutterable joy, I felt it was serious in its aspect and reproving in expression. She whispered to me in a low tone, the query,

"Has my dear boy forgotten the first duty taught him by his mother?"

I gazed upon her in speechless agony, and replied, "Yes and no; I remember, but I can not repeat thy prayer; teach me it again, my mother, for I am feeble and dare not."

Tears (for angels weep) coursed down her face, and she bowed in sorrow by my side; her lips moved in silent supplication; she clasped my hand and lifted me up, and sitting down by me, she said: "My first duty is again to teach thee the morning prayer of life; but how changed art thou, from innocent childhood to a foolish, rash young man, but, my child, I am your mother still, and no woes of earth can separate this tie, no gloom of eternity retribution arrest or retard my duty. Our Father gave thee to me as a mortal on Earth, and on the confines of Heaven he has ordered me to recover the gem, and with his support and blessing I am with you once more, my darling boy. My duty is holy, my task is difficult, my labor great, but my determination is firmly based in his mercy, to guide us both into the pathway of repentance. Come, then, my child, and repeat after me the prayer of the penitent, which is only once bestowed upon mortals and spirits seeking for special protection. Such is your condition, my child, and as your teacher and guardian I join you in it."

A prayer of sublime eloquence was then imparted to me, which it is impossible for me to declare, as its efficacy is potent, and from its

utterance a new feeling seems to pervade the mind. At this time I was kneeling with my mother by the bank of the stream I mentioned. I observed that she continued praying after my petition was ended; she soon looked up, with a countenance beaming with renewed light, and rising she lifted me to my feet and supported me. I then perceived that she held a glass of water in her hand, and presenting the same she whispered: "Receive this gift from the River of Life, and may it strengthen and invigorate you, my son, for your important duty of rectification."

I drank a large portion of the water, which seemed pleasant to the taste at first, but soon became intensely bitter, and like fire to my frame. Not being able to drink the whole of it, my mother threw what remained over me, which produced a most singular effect; my body felt the influence in every pore, and my vision so improved that I could see far beyond the wood we were in, and beheld a country of surpassing beauty and cultivation, with every feature of scenic splendor. My mother observing the look, gently remarked:

"My child, to your vision is granted a glimpse of your future home, as an encouragement for your perseverance in the pathway of duty. I will now impart to you the first lesson of Spirit teaching, and you will begin life over again from the moment of your first transgression in childhood. My duty now is to show you how to walk, for the movement of Spiritual bodies are not controlled by the natural law of the terrestrial plane; 'the spirit in man,' when liberated from the burden of the flesh, becomes dependent upon and is forever influenced by laws *unknown to mortality*, so powerful that all matter is subjected to them, and under the application of certain rules can be influenced and rendered responsive to every wish of the Spirit power."

After this important fact was demonstrated to me, my mother seated me by her side, and taking my hand in hers, thus addressed me:

"My child, before you enter upon the duty that will require years of patient perseverance to distinguish you as a spirit working in 'the vineyard' of everlasting life, I have to teach you the alphabet of existence, and point out to you the duty connected with your new condition, so that you may perceive how crude and seemingly unimportant has been your Earth life, and yet how important every act assumes, every thought and word declares, there is no forgetfulness with the spirit or any obliteration of a deed. From the early dawn of individual action to the last sad record of your life, is the register inscribed, and every occurrence with the connections therewith apparent to yourself and every *ether spirit* you are brought in contact with; the minute responsibility of our lives on earth is incomprehensible to man in his present mundane state; his frame is too fragile for the labor, and the working mind too feeble for the understanding, hence the forgetfulness that relieves the earth life is as a curtain of mercy, thrown over the tablet as it becomes impressed, shutting out of view for a period the majority of the effects and only permitting a few to be carried through your existence as the impress upon memory, in order that you may be admonished of the eternal strength of the tablet that registers your life's record. This wonderful truth is the first essential duty of your teacher, in order to rouse into vital activity the slumbering mind that has, through the crudity of theological ideas, become incrustated with a false hope of forgiveness through intercession and atonement."

"This first momentous duty is the most difficult one of the Spirit teacher, being as it is at variance with nearly the entire life of the pupil, and, as in my case, your early lessons of religious duty were taught you by me, it seems almost incredible to you that I have to confess to my child an error, and ask that child's forgiveness, especially when your heart and mind remembers my love and its sincerity of demonstration; but such is the truth, and I must bow in reverence and thankfulness to the Divine, for permitting me, the Earth trainer, to become the Spirit teacher, by example and precept. And thus, my boy, I am authorized to instruct you, so that in pointing out the nature of a first error of a parent to her offspring, through ignorance and a blind credulity, I can win my child's loving aid in rectification of the effect, and extend to my pupil assistance to receive the lesson in its true intent and meaning, so as to prepare you, my child, for an imperative and important duty, the rectification of your individual acts on earth; that through a

personal atonement you may reach that home in Heaven that for a moment was disclosed to your view."

"You are now, my boy, resting at the entrance of the confines of the Spirit land, called by mediums the Second Sphere, or rudimental state, between the passage of Death and the entrance into the everlasting condition. Here you remain until nature restores the lost conditions of the frame, occasioned by the peculiarity of your death, and the violations of the law of Nature through transgressions in life you are isolated in a wood of impenetrable foliage, rendered necessary for the recuperation of lost energy; its gloom is the type of your mental condition, and the few flowers that bloom upon the bank are mementoes of your few joys on earth, and harbingers of a brighter future. The air from the trees' influence will counteract the weaknesses occasioned by your physical ailments, and the stream of water will restore the vital forces, while the flowers will, from time to time, reveal their secrets and gladden the heart of my disappointed boy. Thus, my beloved child, your mind will soon admit the exalted truth of life, and in its varied lessons own the Supreme Goodness."

I listened to these words with amazement; so different was everything around me that I could not shake off the idea of it being but a dream, and my perplexity tortured me. My angel mother divined my thoughts, and placing her hand upon my head I dropped into a slumber for a period. My repose, though of short duration, imparted to me an increase of physical strength and mental quietude, so that when my mother resumed her teachings I was able to comprehend clearer the important revelations.

"My child, your feeble condition calls for rest, which is bestowed by my placing my hand upon you, and by the superior power I possess over you, relieve the fear that at present pervades; these changes will be very frequent, in consequence of your state. To continue my lesson, I said that, as a mother, my early instructions to you were erroneous, and had laid the foundation of a false hope. This is an unfortunate fact, arising from a defect inherited from my parents. For many years members of the Christian doctrine have accepted the dogma of an atonement, through the death of a mortal whom they have deified, as a special provision of the Infinite, and peculiarly born for this specific duty, that of reconciling Him as a Creator and Originator, to his *own works* which they have asserted are defective, through a violation of duty. This doctrine I taught you, and you embraced it as a convenient theory, implying transmitted feebleness and inherited disobedience, *incapable* of improvement except by a marvelous interposition of 'the divine power.' The advocates, originators, and dupes of this dogma have never once seriously inquired of themselves, this question, In what position do I place the Creator by the assertion of a defect in his works? and in what a humiliating position do I place his works as capable of *resisting* Divinity. Have I a right to impute to my Creator an act that he has rendered my nature abhorrent to, that of cruelty and inhumanity to the good, in order to frame an excusing plea for the evil? Would to God, my child, I had, in my youth, asked my parents, or my own mind, these questions; I would have saved you and myself this duty of rectification; but I was taught and I so imparted the *error*. I regarded our Creator as a sovereign offended with his people, and dreaded the Sovereign for fear of punishment, accepting the dogma as a refuge of propitiation, and like millions of others professed, through this impressed fear, a belief in a mysticism I did not feel or comprehend. And this falsity I taught to you, and instilled it into you by domestic authority and church observances, and now, my child, I acknowledge to thee my fault as a sin against my Creator, and you, his child, committed to my care on Earth. But, thanks be to him, 'His mercy is from everlasting and His truth endures forever,' no creed of man's invention can limit the one, or dogmatic declaration restrain the other."

"Creation is his problem, and upon the innumerable lines that mark the angles and squares are shining the lights of wisdom and beneficence; countless worlds roll in cycles of regularity and order, owning him as a Father, and worshipping him in spirits of confiding reverence. Only is the orb, Earth, in part darkened by this heresy, and pitied by its sister orbs for its selfish ignorance; but the time is dawning, my child, when this superstition will

pass away, and the truth of God, the Father Creator, will be acknowledged in the mind of man; no robed priests will be sought after in council or entreated for propitiatory offerings, but all shall know Him as he is, a Parent in love, a Father in protection."

"Come then to me, my boy, in confidence, for years in Spirit life has imparted to me truth, and I will teach it thee. As I folded thy mortal frame to my bosom in affection, will I embrace and guard thee with a love far surpassing earthly affection, teaching thy spirit reverence and trust in the place of a faith inexplicable, and a fear inexcusable; your spirit shall yet rejoice in God, your Saviour, and hand in hand we will worship him only, in hope inspired by experience, and in the truth inscribed by his love; former things shall pass out of influence, overshadowed by the new, and your mission in rectification will become a duty of holiness to you; fear shall no longer perplex you, but knowledge shall impart courage and enforce firmness in duty. Your labor shall be traceable by its sincere devotion, and your repentance observed and acknowledged by all; for every error shall be personally atoned for. Your trust for this duty will be in His help, to whom nothing is impossible or impure."

I gazed upon my mother with the intensest surprise, wondering in my mind how she, who had ever been to me a devoted parent, should see a reason to impute the existence of any error needing such an acknowledgment. I regret to own that I was incapable of appreciating the token of so high a consideration; my life had been void of religion. I had looked upon the Church she had taught me to attend as perfect in its teachings and exemplary in its members; the correctness of the doctrine I never questioned, but carefully paid my fees and contributions; it was, therefore, astounding to me to hear the doctrine denounced, and my loved mother asking my forgiveness for training me to accept and support its teachings. In my ignorant condition I could not perceive the error, and the pure example set me in the acknowledgment. I rejected the appeal as at variance with fact, and refused to listen to her self-upbraiding.

She meekly and lovingly replied: "My darling, you do *not* yet perceive the truth conveyed in my words, but by-and-by it will dawn upon you and you will then join me in the duty of combating these teachings. I have now, my child, to leave thee for other duties, but I shall always watch over you with the fondest care, and though I may be invisible to you my presence you will *feel*, and when perplexed in your duties I shall ever hasten to support you. Now, my boy, you will enter upon the pathway of repentance, our Creator and Father's goodness will appoint guides for the neophyte's condition, and the sacred lesson of your soul's controlling power will be bestowed, to enable you to perceive and own the truth of your resurrection and the high and important duties connected therewith. The angel who will succeed me will open to your view the page inscribed by your life, comment upon your errors, and instruct you in the duty of rectification, and when you have attained the purity necessary for the entrance into the School of Causes I shall greet you there with a kiss of welcome, and prove to you the riches of His love, in the formation and guidance of the Universe."

My mother then strained me to her bosom, and whispering in solemn accents, the words, "May our Father protect my child, and bless him with understanding and obedience to His law," she kissed me and vanished from my sight.

HEIGHT OF HUMAN BEINGS.—M. Silbermann draws proof of the equality of the sexes from a somewhat novel mode of studying the human species. He finds that the average height of the individual in France, male and female, is 1.60004 metres, when standing with the arms hanging by the side, and two metres when the arms are extended above the head. Two persons lying extended would measure four metres, which is to the earth's meridian as 1 to 10,000,000, precisely as one metre is to the earth's quadrant as 1 to 10,000,000. Four metres, therefore, or the average measure of a wedded pair, he calls the base of the harmonic proportions of the human race, in which woman fills one-half the measure, and therefore is by right, equal to man. A more interesting result of M. Silbermann's measurements and studies is his conclusion that the average height of the human race has not changed since the Chaldean epoch, four thousand years ago. This strangely confirms the view of the substantial identity of the races, into which the family of man is now divided, with those which existed in the beginning of the historic period.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ON THE CONDUCT OF LIFE—SOC-RATES CORRUPTED THE YOUTH.

A LECTURE BY PARKER PILLSBURY, DELIVERED AT BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DEC. 19.

Men, in the past, were gallant and noble, according to their valor in arms; they valued strength of muscle more than strength of mind. In some families, the pets, the dog and the horse, are the best trained, and in reality the best company. Every youth and maiden should so improve their opportunities by cultivating, in the best possible way, beauty and accomplishments of mind and body. If man can properly train the beast, ought he not to be first properly trained himself, and if so, is he not better fitted to become the father and mother of the nation?

We pay high prices for the beautiful, chiseled out of marble, yet are there not *more* beautiful images within the human form, chiseled by a divine hand, and more to be admired than the most valued images of Greece?

The body is what the spirit builds. Dress should be studied. In ancient times the fashion magazines were monthly, then they came to be weekly, afterwards daily, and soon, very soon, they will have to sustain morning and evening editions! The lady of modern times, it would seem, strives to *cut herself in two* as nearly as possible. Dress should be so arranged as to give perfect and entire freedom of the body. In ancient times, the tailor and the dressmaker had not taken the human form, and molded it quite out of Mother Nature's first design. Nature wisely takes on forms, colors, and shapes, adapted to seasons and conditions; mortals quite forget age, time, or place, and reflect not what is most becoming, convenient, and comfortable. What shall we eat? is of as much importance as with what shall we be clothed? Many works have been written on diet, yet still the people generally eat what they like most. Because a thing is, is no sign it should be, and because it is, is no sign it may not be improved.

Once, prisoners taken in war were not only killed but eaten. The next step was to spare their lives, but enslave them; especially during the Christian era were women thus dealt with. Then animal food was bled, and that is just where we are to-day. Conservatives eat animal food, blood and all, while those more radical eat only the particular kind of animal which they deem to be clean; soon, animal food will cease to be eaten at all. Humanity is climbing up the stairs of progress, and will eventually cease to exist by consuming blood, flesh, and bones.

In ancient times, mankind dwelt in the forests, and were scarcely clothed at all; but now mark the progress, look at our cities, both ancient and modern; all this stupendous achievement has been accomplished in a few thousand years.

The consuming of animal food in our latitude is never necessary, as experience teaches and has proved; many of our hardest workers, both men and women, never eat animal food. A farmer once said to me, "I *must* eat meat to make muscle and bone." I pointed to the stout-limbed horse, and asked, "Upon what kind of food do you feed the animal, to make him so strong in bone and muscle?"

When men butcher and kill in war they will butcher, kill, and eat of animal food; but when they cease to butcher the human family, they will also cease to partake of such food. No wonder that men subsist upon such food while their minds are continually filled with the atrocious crimes and murders of the day. In the West India islands the inhabitants subsist upon the sea fowl and its eggs; the Irishman more exclusively upon potatoes; and their children can scarce be numbered. Mahomedans upon milk, Scotch upon vegetables, Russians upon bread and vegetable oil, the miners of Chili upon beans and bread; the hardest workers in the world have never tasted animal food. Our domestic animals are only kept by changing the breed.

All matter is refined; man is fast losing his sensual, animal nature. Gather not from the bones of beasts, but from the rains of heaven and fruit of earth, and thereby become spiritual, refined, and intellectual. Men often say the world is getting worse; this is perhaps true of the multitude. Horses grow upon grain, grasses, and pure cold water; but the drink of many men make them worse than beasts. Nature, let alone, knows how to feed, clothe, and protect the human family; but civilization sometimes makes fearful ravages. It

is not prohibition but prevention that we most need. Let Society get rid of its prisons, and bring about such changes and preparations as a fond mother makes before the advent of her babe. The parent of crime is *Society* to-day.

To keep man from being a brute, we must have *prisons*. Is this the vaunted virtue of the nineteenth century! Is that virtue and worthy the name, which is made so through force? Is that temperance, when we are denied the right to get drunk? Were we once only a little lower than the angels, yet now sink lower than the brute?

The next suicidal means used is *tobacco*; only *man* rolls the dirty morsel under his tongue. The nervous system becomes shattered, digestion disturbed, irritation of temper ensues, and all life's forces become poisoned. I know of no veteran victim but would give the world to do without it. It surely kills, not only them, but their companion, too, as well. They who use it soon lose resolution and courage; all better things are forever shut out; it is poison as sure as the venom of the rattlesnake, and oftentimes quite as sudden, although they know it not. In the hour of conception are our children in imminent danger; we carve greater impress upon their spiritual than physical nature.

We must have jails and penitentiaries here, and hell and perdition afterwards, yet still the people are not saved. The churches are in danger, only they have a heaven to draw and attract. Fashion rules the realm of the wardrobe, however inconvenient or indecent. Who can have so great an interest in the forms of life as those, the true Spiritualists, whose whole thought is progression.

Disease is a legion of devils, roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour. Despair is death. God works at low rates and lines, and lives in man, works in man. Deliverance from disease is the work of Spiritualists.

Silence reigns between the departed and those left behind; Spiritualism breaks the chasm. Do we not eat and drink death every day? How much it would seem we prefer darkness unto light. Spirits in the body will one day learn of those invisible, but ever near, how to construct their material form, so that disease by day and pestilence by night, both will pass over them evermore, and death, the last enemy give up the ghost. When the New Jerusalem descends out of heaven, and when heaven and earth are indeed one, reconciled to God, matter to spirit, light and life, love and law are one, even the proud triumphs of Science will be no more. All knowledge will be intuition, inspiration, and the child will literally be born an hundred years old, in vision foretold.

Thought will then need no electric battery to give it wings, nor telegraphic cord under the ocean nor over the land, to point the way of its flight. Then will knowledge begin to fill the earth, as the waters cover the sea, and all predictions and promises attendant on the coming of the new life and immortality be performed in the world that will then be evolved, unfolded out of this; neither waiting nor dreading death, and a world beyond. None then will ever ask, what the need, where the use, of Spiritualism? Life and mortality would answer, behold it here.

Wonder not, though I say tremblingly, I never spake to you, to any, on theme more important, more solemn, than this. It brings the two worlds gloriously, yet fearfully, near together. Spirits, visible and invisible, meet together. Angels and men almost literally embrace each other. Our loved ones, gone before seem to have come back to us, waiting recognition; wishing to teach us, willing to aid us, to come close to them. Why will we not welcome them as never before?

MRS. L. E. BAILEY.

Great actions, the luster of which dazzles us, are represented by politicians as the result of deep design, whereas they are commonly the result of caprice or passion. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, supposed to be owing to their ambition to give a master to the world, arose probably from jealousy.—*Roche foucauld*.

What if a man save my life with a draught that was prepared to poison me? The providence of the issue does not at all discharge the obliquity of the intent. And the same reason holds good even in religion itself. It is not the incense, nor the offering, that is acceptable to God, but the purity and devotion of the worshiper.—*Seneca*.

Send us 15 cents, and get a Review of the Discourse of Rev. John Bakewell, Rector of Grace Church, Topeka, Kansas, on the Expose of Spiritualism. By E. V. Wilson.

For the Spiritualist at Work. A SHORT HISTORY OF THE MORMONS AS A RELIGIOUS SECT.

BY ONE WHO WAS AN OFFICIATING MEMBER FOR TWELVE YEARS.

A mere sketch of the most prominent ideas only given. They, as a sect, believe in a personal God as described in the Bible, possessing all the passions and members of a man; also the same in regard to a personal Devil; and that God needs a Devil, the same as a hunter needs a dog. My authority in chief was Joseph Smith in person, both public and private, while in Kirtland, Ohio, and Nauvoo, Ill. They believe spirit and matter are eternal, indestructible, and the uniting of the forces in spirit and matter produced a God. This, they claim, placed all power in him, thereby he became the Almighty. This God, they believe, created the worlds and the things belonging thereto, by the power of his word. In the creation of all existing things on earth, the God first created them in spirit, then called upon the necessary elements to come forth and form natural or physical organizations. To create light he spoke to the elements of light, and said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

After the worlds (or earth portion) were called into existence, the God called upon the elements necessary for the formation and organization of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and they obeyed him. Thus creation was set in order; everything having had its existence in spirit form before it existed on earth.

In the creation of man, he was in the form and likeness of God himself; woman was secondary, and formed a helpmeet for man; this placed the authority in man over the woman. Thus man, male and female, were organized, and authorized to multiply, etc. In the uniting of the male and female forces, bodies are formed, and spirits are already made to enter them. Thus the earth is peopled.

Among these spirits there was once a revolution, or split; one who was called Satan, also Beelzebub (thief), held a high station as an angel of light. He and others, with God their father, formed the grand councils of Heaven, such as, let us make man in our image, etc. The *word*, or only begotten of the father, was another, who existed in the similitude, or was the reflection of the father, and was made flesh by a transformation in the womb of the virgin Mary, thereby this similitude was the father of himself, becoming a son through the transformation.

All power in heaven and earth was vested in the only begotten of himself, by and through the process of being made flesh and resurrected. Thus he is very man and very God, the Jehovah, the great I Am; who has sworn by himself, that to Jesus (the name given him) every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess his Godship. I close here as to their God.

They are trinitarians in the fullest sense, the Holy Ghost being connected with the conception and transformation; all three were consolidated in the transformation and resurrection, making one God or Presidency that rules.

As to the condition of man, there arose a disagreement between the Father and Satan; Satan claiming equal sonship with the Only Begotten, and when in council on the question who would redeem man—the fall and redemption of man had long been a fixed fact; the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world (whoever he might be)—Satan put in his offer, to redeem man without the loss of one soul, providing he had the honor. This the Father refused to grant. Then the Only Begotten and beloved of the Father said, "Father, they will be done, and the glory shall be thine." This offer was accepted, and Satan rebelled against God, and sought to destroy man's happiness, and thereby rob God of his glory; and Satan was cast down to the earth and became a Devil, the father of lies.

In reference to the redemption of man, and the rejecting of Satan's offer, etc., it is not in King James' translation, but can be found in the third chapter of Gen. Smith's translation; yet it is in keeping with their ideas, taken from the Bible.

Their belief, in many respects, is the same as other sects, but differently expressed. They believe a large number of spirits were cast out of Heaven with the Devil, and are seeking bodies to enter, and if they can't do better, will enter into hogs, serpents, etc. They look

down upon the idea of a few saved in God's kingdom, in the final result, and the kingdom of the Devil overcrowded. Here they leave orthodoxy, believing, during the thousand years' reign of Christ on earth (in this they are Second Advents), who will sit upon the throne of David, in Jerusalem, during this period, the ordinances of the gospel will be administered for the dead by proxy, through the assistance of the resurrected saints, and at the second resurrection, all whose salvation has been worked out by proxy will be saved. This truly makes the millenium very valuable. They also believe all the male saints who have been worthy patriarchs, such as Abraham, with their wives and their children's children, will each form a kingdom in the next life, and as the number of wives and children are, so will their glory be, being made kings and priests unto our God.

Justice demands of me to say, the sect of Mormons now under the charge of young Joseph Smith, son of the prophet, discards polygamy, and the taking of the Gentile property without compensation, and from all the writer knows, they are good citizens. But while in Nauvoo, both were believed in and practiced, justifying themselves under a firm belief that God changes not, neither is there any variable ness or shadow of turning in him. That which he commanded and justified his chosen people in doing, is the same to-day as yesterday, all past or present are the same with God.

They are firm believers in the fulfillment of all God's promises through the Jewish prophets. As for the Bible being a standard of faith and practice, as well as the revelations through Joseph Smith, they are firm believers, claiming, a belief without practice is dead. Under this belief, a large portion of the Jewish customs and the commands of God to the Jews, are carried out in their every-day lives. (Let me raise this question, If the written word in the Bible makes known God's unalterable will to man, as a standard of faith and practice, independent of reason and common sense in men, are not the Mormons justifiable, so long as they do not exceed that which is written? On the other hand, providing reason and common sense, based upon experience, independent of the Bible, is the standard, do not the ancient Jews as well as the Mormons, stand condemned by all the civilized world? Again, providing we claim the Bible as the standard, but use our reason and common sense in carrying it out in practice, do we not, logically, make our reason and common sense the standard?)

As to their church organization, it is strictly Bible. Three persons form the presidency of the church, in like manner as the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost stand at the head of the universe, the same as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob stood to the Jewish nation; second, twelve apostles, the same as the twelve apostles stood in Christ's church, and the twelve representatives of the twelve tribes of Israel; third, seventy elders, the number Christ called, and the Jewish Sanhedrim; next, are their two priest-hoods, Melchisedek and Aaronic.

They believe in and practice water baptism, for the remission of sins. The subject is thereby washed and cleansed from all his sins; some have been known to be baptised twice in one year, this being somewhat humiliating, it was not much practised. Sins committed by members were mostly transferred to the Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous. The laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, and the partaking of bread and wine in remembrance of their dying Lord, is practised. They believe God will set his hand again the second time to gather his people from all parts of the earth, and that Jerusalem will be the capital of the world, where all nations will come to worship, and Zion and Jerusalem will be the only places of safety on earth for the saints, while God pours out his wrath and vengeance upon the Gentile world. Believing God sat his hand the first time, to gather his people at Christ's first coming, who said to the Jews, "I would gather you as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not." They believe Joseph Smith was chosen of God among the Gentiles, as a forerunner of this great and mighty work; the iniquity of the Gentiles now about full, and that God's wrath and vengeance is now hovering over this generation, soon to be poured out upon the inhabitants of the earth; the same as God did upon the Canaanites, who had filled up their measure of iniquity; and that Joseph Smith was the ensign upon the mountains, spoken of by the

prophets. And he, Smith, when preaching, would cry with a loud voice, "Prepare ye, prepare ye, for the day of vengeance and the wrath of an offended God is upon you. Do you not know this earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills; yes, spread out upon these broad prairies! And you, my brethren, as many of you who are true and faithful are the lawful and legal heir of the Lord, who is God." Raising upon tiptoe when speaking, with his hands stretched toward heaven, exclaiming at the top of his voice, "As the earth is now in the possession of the Gentiles, so shall it become the inheritance of the saints; clear the way for Zion and hold not back from Jerusalem, for the Lord our God hath sworn in his wrath, he will take vengeance upon the ungodly." This is a specimen of Smith's style of addressing his followers. It was captivating upon all Bible believers, except such as were Pharisaical.

Take them as a sect they may be termed trinitarians, and in the fullest sense practical Bible believers. As for the Book of Mormon it is more a history than a book of precepts or commands, devoted more to giving an account of the forefathers of the present race of Indians (called Lamanites) as being the descendants of the house of Jacob (Israel), with a few prophecies and promises in reference to the restoring and gathering of them as the seed of Abraham, and that the present race of Indians would become a fair and delightful people. As to its doctrines, it is similar to the Bible; speaks of God, Christ, the Devil, and Holy Ghost, speaks of hell and damnation. As to the title of this book, many have claimed it was the Mormon's Bible; this is not true in that sense. Smith commenced a translation of our common Bible in 1830, completed it 1833, the manuscripts were preserved, and in 1867 it was printed and published by young Joseph Smith, I. L. Rogers, and others. This translation is claimed to have been done under direct revelation from God, which (fact) claimed makes it the only consistent translation now in use. In a few seeming errors there is a change; where King James' translation says, "It repented the Lord," etc., Smith makes Noah say it (small improvement).

There are some additions, the person called Satan or Devil, from Smith's translation, he appears, was very active, spake through the serpent, and deceiving Mother Eve, also organized a secret society; the penalty of the oath was death, women were not to know the secret passwords, etc.; of which Cain was Master Mahan. Through this secret organization murder for gain was practiced, and Cain killed his brother Abel, thinking to get his flock of sheep. It also makes the fall of man through transgression indispensably necessary in order that they could have children. It says Cain took one of his brother's daughters to wife and went (west) into the land of Nod, and raised a family. Several other alterations by way of corrections. Says God showed Moses, in a vision, the creation of all things, and explained them to him, and ordered him to write the account, and that Moses did so, and that which Moses wrote in regard to the creation was just and true in the original, but the translators willfully translated a portion of it wrong; thus the people have been deceived and held in the dark.

But the angel that John saw in his vision, flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel, committed it into the hands of Joseph Smith, to deliver to the inhabitants of the earth.

As for Smith's management to retain the confidence of his followers under adverse circumstances, it was by appealing to the dealings of God to his people, and that disasters and afflictions were evidences of God's love by way of chastisement; "Be patient, brethren." On one occasion, he was called to give satisfaction in reference to the failure of certain revelations direct from the Lord—one for a bank, another for a stock company store, called the Lord's storehouse, never to be empty, and the bank was to be as David, who slew Goliath, swallow up all other banks. Both smashed, with a heavy loss. Smith, upon this occasion, quotes largely from the Bible in reference to God's judgments upon the Gentiles.

"And where," he asked, "will God begin?" All ears were open. When he read from the same page of the Bible that the judgments of God would commence at the house of God, "And my beloved brethren, that is right here." Here the Bible saved him, and restored confidence tenfold.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 1, 1876.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DU- PAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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TO THE READERS OF THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Greetings. We ask you to have patience with us in our failure in not sending our pet to you last week. Hear our reasons, and then ask if we are to blame.

1. We informed our readers, in every paper for the last six numbers, that we should cut off all non-paying subscribers. This compelled us to re-arrange our mailing list.

2. The sickness of Farmer Mary has deprived us of her invaluable help, thus doubling our work.

3. The care of our farm, heretofore looked after by Farmer Mary, is on our hands, and is another burden on our shoulders.

4. Our correspondence, amounting to from ten to twenty letters a day, has to be answered. This is work enough for one man.

5. We are lecturing four times a week, as well as riding many hundred miles to meet our engagements. This is more work than any one man ought to do.

6. We keep our own books, attend to our work, read every article sent us, frequently correcting or re-writing articles.

7. We are the butt for all the ridicule, dirt, and meanness that it is possible for the *R.-P. Journal* people to hurl at us.

Therefore, with all this work on our hands, we have been compelled to publish our paper once a month instead of twice, as heretofore, and shall continue to do so until Farmer Mary is able to take her place as helper in the great work we are doing.

And now, dear readers, we part with our delinquent subscribers in a spirit of kindness, bidding them go their way in peace. If we were able we would publish 10,000 copies every week, free of cost, for we love the cause we are working in, and have no mercenary object in view. But we cannot do it.

We have dropped the bitter spirit, and shall not have anything to do with it in the future; and yet we shall defend ourself and our cause, as well as our friends, from slander, spleen, and falsehood.

We need pecuniary help to carry out our work, for we are sending out the best Spiritual paper ever published in the West. Will you help us? We trust you will. Therefore, we ask you all to renew at once. Let each subscriber come to our help and our paper will be a weekly by the 1st of June. We know that the times are hard, and yet one dollar a year is but little for each subscriber to send us. Will you do it?

Again, we are hard at work, writing a book, one of the most wonderful that ever appeared, full of thrilling incidents; price, \$2, postage, 20 cts.; neatly bound in cloth, containing over 400 pages of the best reading matter ever given to the world; Spiritual tests, evidences of immortality. Let every reader send in their order at once for the book will be ready for the mail on the 20th of March. The title of the book will be, "The Truths of Spiritualism; Immortality proved beyond a doubt, by living witnesses. By E. V. Wilson, the Seer; compiled from twenty-five years experience of what he saw and heard." One hundred copies are already ordered; so be sure and order at once. Address Lombard, Ill.

"The world is my country; to do good my religion."—*Thos. Paine*. We are in receipt of two fine photographs, one of Thomas Paine, the other of the monument over his grave; over the monument the words at the head of this notice. They are for sale at the office of J. H. Rhoades, M. D., 918 Spring Garden st., Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 25 cents each, postage paid. Let every Reformer send for them.

MRS. H. MORSE VS. E. V. WILSON. WHO TELLS THE TRUTH?

We quote from the *R.-P. Journal*, Vol. 19, No. 17, of date of Jan. 8, 1876: "She (Mrs. Morse) desires us to say that she utterly ignores Social Freedom, and never authorized E. V. Wilson to announce her as a speaker at his forthcoming meeting at Rockford, but on the contrary, told him that she would not mix with them under any circumstances."

That statement is to the point, and we now know just where to find Mrs. Morse. It is with and in the interest of the *R.-P. Journal*. That is all right and as it should be. We now give a second quotation; let the reader observe it well. It is from the *R.-P. Journal*, Vol. 19, No. 19, Jan. 22, 1876: "Mrs. H. Morse, whose efforts in behalf of Spiritualism are always well received, will lecture at New Boston, Ill., on Jan. 14, 15, and 16; Dubuque, Iowa, on the 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th. She will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of these cities or elsewhere."

We now give a letter from Mrs. Morse to us:

"JOLIET, WILL CO., ILL., Nov. 22, '75.

"BRO WILSON: I did not know as I was advertised to be at the Belvidere Convention, not until it was too late to go. I did not hear of it. But I see you are to have another at Rockford, Jan. 14-16, and I will go; you can depend on me. I could tell you something about the Nashua Camp-meeting and St. Paul Convention. When I see you will let you know some things that you would be glad to learn. My address is Joliet, Will Co., Ill.

"Your friend, MRS. H. MORSE."

To this letter we answered as follows:

"LOMBARD, SAT., NOV. 27, 1875.

"MRS. MORSE—*Madam*: Your letter of the 22d inst. is before me, contents noted. We accept your offer, and will depend on your being one of our speakers at Rockford, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of Jan., 1876. Do not fail us; we shall pay the expenses of our speakers and as much more as we can.

"Respectfully, E. V. WILSON, Sec."

To this letter we received the following reply:

"JOLIET, WILL CO., ILL., DEC. 7, '75.

"E. V. WILSON: At the time of your Convention I am booked for Sycamore, and it will be impossible for me to attend.

"MRS. H. MORSE."

We are not, in this letter, "Bro. Wilson," nor is Mrs. Morse "Your friend." Why? Echo from the office of the *R.-P. Journal*, "Mrs. Morse gave us a fraternal call." Hence, she gives us an infernal go-by. We now call attention to the notice of her speaking in New Boston, Ill., and wish her to inform us why she did not speak at Sycamore, as she was "booked for Sycamore," or was it a lying spirit that made her write letter No. 2?

We now think we will publish Mrs. Morse's position on the Social Freedom question at St. Paul and Minneapolis. It is time for Mrs. H., Col. S., and others, to speak out; we have stood this manner of backbiting just as long as we are going to. We have evidence of what Mrs. Morse said to us, as well as the earnest friendship she manifested for us, and all she said to us in regard to what our old friend, Wm. Drury, wrote Mr. Jones. We make an extract from a letter written by one who knows what he writes to be true:

"I was amused at Mrs. Morse declining to accept an appointment at your Rockford meeting on account of her antipathy to Social Freedom. When at Minneapolis, she avowed herself a radical on Social Freedom, and even out-Woodhulled Victoria herself in her ultra expressions in favor of social latitude, and expressed her disgust for some of her St. Paul brethren, on account of their conservative views on the social question."

And now, reader, the evidence is in your hands. Had we a right to advertise Mrs. M. as one of the speakers at the Rockford Convention? Mrs. Morse, or any other speaker, might be proud to stand on the platform at the Rockford Convention, before an audience of from 500 to 700 people. We quote once more from the *R.-P. Journal*:

"Special telegram, from the Sunday morning *Times*. ROCKFORD, ILL., Jan. 16.—The N. Ill. Spiritualists convened at Metropolitan Hall on yesterday. Their programme consists of fire queen exhibitions, seances, and lectures. Among the prominent speakers, mediums, and musicians present are Mrs. Dr. Severance, E. V. Wilson, Mrs. H. Morse, Samuel Maxwell,

M. D., Dr. Stewart, and Mrs. Suydam, the fire queen."

We now call attention to the fact that we sent no message to the *Times* whatever, nor was there any message sent to the *Times* or any other Chicago paper, by any officer of the Convention, or by any order of the Convention, or any one, a member of the Convention. Please see report of the Convention in another column of this paper.

NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Closed its fourteenth quarterly meeting in Metropolitan Hall, East Rockford, Ill., Sunday evening, 10 o'clock, Jan. 16, 1876. The Convention has been more than a success, it has been a triumph in everything.

The Convention was called to order at 2 o'clock, p. m., Friday, the 14th ult.; present, 153 delegates, mostly from the country. The audience continually increased till there were 300 at the close of the first session; and this increase continued until the close of the meeting, Sunday night, when the large hall was literally packed, at 25 cents a head.

The order of business was simple, straightforward, and to the point; each speaker was allotted his time and the work for him to do, which was as follows: Opening services, music and song, to be followed with conference of one hour; then song, followed by a thirty minutes' speech; then song, followed by the regular speech of the session, and this order was maintained throughout the meeting.

The speakers present were Mrs. Dr. J. H. Severance, of Milwaukee, Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry, of Beloit, Wis., E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, Samuel Maxwell, M. D., of Chicago, Ill., Capt. H. H. Brown, of Iowa, T. H. Stewart, of Ind., Prof. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, Pa., Hon. Custius Hazelton, of Wis., Isaac Orvis, Esq., President of the N. Wis. Asso. of Spiritualists. The mediums present, giving tests, were Mrs. Maud Lord, of Chicago, who converted many to a belief and knowledge of immortality; 2. Mrs. Mary Suydam, of Chicago, the fire queen, and well did she maintain her right to the queenly title, by bathing her face and naked arms in a bright blaze of fire, causing many to shudder as she slowly passed her arms through the flame, again and again. There was a band of velvet around her arm as it passed through the fire, which was not burnt. After the test was over, the question was asked, Will the band on her arm burn? It was instantly taken off, and held in the fire, and readily burned in the fire that had not scorched it a few moments before. These fire tests commanded the closest attention of all present, none doubting their genuineness; they were simply wonderful.

E. V. Wilson gave two seances during the meeting, before the largest audience of Spiritualists ever assembled in Rockford, or outside of Chicago, giving ninety-seven tests, eighty-nine of which were identified on the spot; indeed, he never done better, or gave clearer tests of Spirit presence. Dr. Maxwell gave several delineations of persons for medical treatment, all of which were well approved.

One of the pleasant features of this Convention was the music and singing, rendered by those sweet singers, Mrs. Helen Green and Mrs. Carrie Foster, of Chicago. These ladies vied with each other in entertaining the large and appreciative audiences. Mrs. Green's style was refined and pure, yet lacking the vim and energy that Mrs. Foster imparted to her singing. Both ladies were repeatedly *encored*. Mrs. Foster's singing and recitations were received with marked approval, and both ladies won the approval of all. On Sunday afternoon, the approval of the audience was manifested by the following resolution, offered by Mr. Kimball, of Rockford:

Resolved, That the citizens of Rockford, attending these meetings, hereby tender their thanks to the ladies who have entertained us with music and song during the sessions of this Convention.

Mr. Story moved its adoption, seconded by Mr. Fisher; adopted by unanimous vote.

The speaking was of a high order of talent and marked for its freedom from bitterness, spleen, fault-finding, and reproach; each speaker felt the responsibility of the hour and day, knew their duty, and met the responsibility.

On Saturday, the following telegrams were received and responded to:

"To the N. Ill. A. of Spiritualists' Convention, assembled in Rockford, Ill. The Vermont State Spiritualists' Association in convention

assembled, at Cuttingsville, send greetings. The first conventions of the Centennial year.

"E. B. HOLDEN, *Asst. Sec.*

"Cuttingsville, Vt., Jan. 15, 1876."

To which we sent reply as follows:

"ROCKFORD, ILL., Jan. 15, 1876.

"To the Vermont State Association of Spiritualists, Cuttingsville, Vt. The N. Ill. A. of Spiritualists, in session. We accept your cordial greetings, and return them in fellowship in all freedom. We are having a good time, full attendance; all is well.

"E. V. WILSON, *Sec.*"

The following telegram was forwarded:

"To the Mich. State Convention of Spiritualists now in session at Battle Creek, Mich. The N. Ill. A. of Spiritualists sends greeting; ten speakers present, audience last night, five hundred. Liberal sentiments freely and fully expressed on all subjects.

"E. V. WILSON, *Sec.*

"By order of the Convention, Jan. 15, '76."

To which came the following reply:

"BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 15, '76.

"To the Northern Ill. Association of Spiritualists, greetings. Telegram received; twelve speakers present, large audience; everything harmonious; Charlotte resolutions, indorsing Woodhull, and Jackson resolution, abrogating marriage laws, both rescinded.

"L. E. BAILEY, *Sec.*"

The Convention has been all, and more than we expected. It has been a triumph in all things; collections reaching \$274.50, expenses amounting to \$274.33, including the deficit of the Belvidere meeting, Oct., 1875. Every speaker attending the Convention had their expenses paid, and the balance over expenses was divided between the invited speakers, mediums, and singers, paying all a fair compensation.

The Convention adjourned Sunday evening, the 16th, to meet in Chicago, in March, 1876. Thus commences the Centennial year; Illinois, Vermont, and Michigan taking the lead in conventions, sending greetings to each other, in the fullness of fraternal love, joy, and progress.

The Northern Ill. Association directed its Secretary to make full arrangements for a grand Camp-meeting, to come off June 6-11, 1876, holding six days, and to invite the best talent in music, speaking, singing, and mediumship, that the country affords. Already the grounds for the meeting are selected, and arrangements are under way, and we confidently count on ten thousand people who will meet us on our camp ground in June.

Resolutions of thanks were tendered the citizens of Rockford, who kindly entertained those from a distance. All present conceded that the Convention was more than a success, it was a triumph, a victory for the right; for free speech, a free platform, and the right.

Will the Spiritual and Liberal papers please copy?

By order of the Convention.

DR. JULIET H. SEVERANCE, *Pres.*
E. V. WILSON, *Sec.*

It was certainly rather amusing to hear some of the maiden speeches of the new converts to Spiritualism last week. One gentleman said he would come forward at the "imminent risk of losing his popularity," another, "that a great man of Greece (alluding no doubt to Socrates) was ridiculed and afterwards murdered for his belief in doctrines contrary to the multitude," etc. We have heard no desire in this community to ostracise Spiritualists, and the idea is preposterous, when we remember that some of our most honored citizens who are filling places of trust belong to this sect.

Will the editor of the *R.-P. Journal* please take note of the above paragraph, especially the part referring to the new converts at Rockford. What about the "cold shoulder that would be given our convention by the Rockford Spiritualists"? Well, the world moves, and 750 Spiritualists greeted us (Susie M. Johnson and E. V. W.) Sunday night at Grow's Opera Hall, while the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, worshipping in Snow's Dancing Academy, have suspended under the nursing influences of the *Journal*. We regret this, and yet it is just what every Spiritualist in Chicago knew from the beginning.

The Herald of Health, devoted to the culture of the body and mind. Published by Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Lighthouse, New York. \$2 per annum with premium, \$1.50 without. This magazine is one of those sterling works that are calculated to bless all who read them.

NOTICE.

We are in receipt of many letters and postal cards, asking why THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is not forthcoming, as heretofore. The most of these letters are written in a spirit of kindness, some of them in a bitter spirit; the bitter ones invariably refer to the *R.-P. Journal* as a sample of punctuality, in being on time. Well, when we have \$30,000 given us, with which to start a Spiritual paper, we, too, will be prompt and always appear on time, and will not suspend in a year, as did the *R.-P. Journal* publishing house, in the flush times of 1865-6.

We have, in twenty months, sent out 100,000 copies of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, costing us in round numbers \$4,000. We have received from our subscribers about \$2,800; there is due us full \$1,400. Six hundred of our delinquent subscribers guaranteed us two dollars apiece, five hundred of them have read our paper from the start, and have not even paid the postage, and now, when we strike off these subscribers they find fault with us, and refer to the prompt manner the *R.-P. Journal* comes to hand, forgetting that that paper commenced business in flush times, with \$40,000 paid-up capital, and suspended twice inside of Sept., 1865, and Oct., 1867. The only help we have had, outside of actual subscribers, amounts in all to \$50.

The reasons why our paper did not appear on the 15th of January we have given in another place. The paper will hereafter appear once a month until further notice. We trust our friends will remember us and renew at once. Send us up one hundred subscribers each month at least. The time of many subscriptions expires with Nos. 39, 40, and 41; please attend to it at once, for the paper will stop when your time is up.

The next number of this paper will be the best one that has been published and full of startling tests. Subscribe at once.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Reader, we have struck off every delinquent subscriber to our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and they are legion; from this time out while we publish this paper, it will not be sent one day over the time subscribed for. We are not going to publish your names in the black list, or abuse you; we will part in good will and friendship. You that owe us can pay us, or let it alone; if you pay it blesses both of us; if you fail to pay us, we suffer not alone, but every subscriber to our paper suffers with us. Surely \$1.10 is but a small sum for each one of our subscribers to pay; in the aggregate it is a large amount for us to lose. Let us, however, part in friendship and in truth; so, good bye, if forever, still forever good bye.

The First Society of Spiritualists, now holding meetings in Grow's Opera Hall, are in a flourishing condition and are having good houses. This is as it should be. Their speaker for January was Susie M. Johnson, one of Nature's noblest women.

E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, will speak for the Society the Sundays of February. He will give tests each Sunday evening. Of course there will be a full house.

Warren Smith is out from his den among the grasshoppers of Minnesota, and on his way to Tennessee. We bid him God speed and plenty to do, as well as good pay for what he does, for he is a man, every inch of him.

Chas. H. Read, "the mysterious man," writes us that he is doing well in Pittsburgh, Pa. We quote from his letter, "I wish you to say in your paper that any Spiritual medium visiting Pittsburgh, who is going to stop any time, I would be happy to have them call and make themselves at home during their stay. I will see them taken care of, they will be at no expense while here. I have a large room, capable of seating a hundred persons nicely." He can be found at 102 Fourth avenue, up stairs, Room 1, Pittsburgh, Pa. See advertisement on seventh page. We thank Bro. Read for a long list of subscribers, accompanied with the pay for the same.

Jabez Love, Sr., a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of Roscoe, died at the residence of Mr. A. Coleson, in Rockford, on Tuesday, the 18th ult., in the 60th year of his age. His remains were taken to his home in Roscoe, where the funeral was held at 10:30 a. m., Friday, the 21st, Mrs. Mattie H. Perry officiating.

Our brother came to our convention at Rockford, was taken sick on Saturday, the 15th, with typhoid fever. He was a true, faithful Spiritualist, and commanded the respect of all

who knew him. We have lost the example of a good man; but his immortal soul will remain near those he loved when in the form. Let us imitate his truth.

NEW BOOK.—Soul and Body; or, The Spiritual Science of Health and Disease. By W. F. Evans. Boston: Colby & Rich, Publishers. This book is just the thing for the young to study with care and the old to read thoughtfully. It is full of good sound advice. Let every Spiritualist in the land read it; it is gold to your soul.

The Olive Branch. We are in receipt of this new member of the family of Spiritual papers; we welcome it, and extend the right hand of fellowship and bid it God speed in the holy work of Reform. May it continue the olive branch of peace until the righteous law of perfect freedom shall fill all the land. We shall notice this messenger bird of love more fully hereafter. It is published in Utica, N. Y. Free to all; send and get a copy.

We see that Bro. A. A. Wheelock is settled in Utica over the Society of the Friends of Progress, and will fill the desk of the Society, in Progressive Hall, for the coming year. This is all right in a measure, and Bro. W. is a sound logical reasoner; but why this sinking the Spiritual in the old and hackneyed phrase of Friends of Progress? Let us be Spiritualists. T. Starr King believed in Progression, but rejected Spiritualism; he is now a Spiritualist as well as a Spirit. Let us be known everywhere as Spiritualists; it is our legitimate name and we should not use any other. This trying to drop the name of Spiritualism by an affix or prefix, as a sop to Cerebus, is folly. Let us be Spiritualists always and everywhere. If King, Parker, Reynolds, or any other immortal, are afraid of being known as Spirits, or Spiritualism, then let them keep away.

Dr. Kerr, with several other prominent citizens, attended one of Mrs. Maud Lord's seances the other night. The Doctor, while admitting the mystery of the phenomena, said he had always been in the habit of making his investigations in the light, and was, therefore, not prepared to give an opinion relative to an investigation in the dark. However, he admitted the performance was a mystery, and is willing to accede to others the right of an honest opinion. We understand that H. P. Holland concurs in the above opinion. A number of Rockford's best citizens attended the seances last week. There have been several conversions.

True, Mr. Editor, but is it not equally true that the Rev. Dr. Kerr is entirely in the dark in his investigation of salvation through faith in the miracles of the New and Old Testament? But the admission of Dr. Kerr, as an honest man, is valuable, and we accept it as honestly given, and point to it as another instance of the work accomplished by our Association and its fourteenth quarterly meeting. We have one other work on hand, and that a severer one—the conversion to cleanliness of certain would-be pure Spiritualists we know of.

At the Spiritualist convention on Sunday night, the seer-medium, E. V. Wilson, described in his fluent manner a spirit whose first name he said was Mary, and who was at that time in the hall. Having got through with the elaborate description, the wise man appealed to the audience for a recognition of the gentle Mary. A well-known wag of this city arose, and in a semi-lugubrious tone, declared he recognized the phantom. The eye of the seer brightened. "Who is it?" was the next question asked. "It is," said the wag, "Mary who had the little lamb," and then he sat down, amid the uproarious laughter of all present and the evident embarrassment of the prophet.

The above is out of the imaginative brain of the *Gazette* reporter, and is evidence of the genius within him, for no one else heard anything about Mary's lamb but himself.

We have on hand, for sale, THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH, 520 pages, 120 illustrations, neatly bound in cloth, price, \$2.50, postage, 35 ts.; paper, \$1.25, postage, 25 ts.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS, 380 pages, bound in cloth, price, \$2.

WILCOX'S APPROACHING CONFLICT, price, 75 ts., postage, 20 ts.

JOHN BAKEWELL'S SERMON, reviewed by E. V. Wilson, price, 10 ts., postage, 2 ts.

Also one year of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, 26 numbers, 208 pages of the best reading matter ever published in Spiritualism. Price, \$1.10.

We will send all the above to one order for \$6.25, postage paid, not including the paper-bound New Gospel of Health.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

A TEST APPROVED.

THROUGH ISA.

MOTHER AND FATHER: Yesterday E. said come to thee, and Mother, darling, I came, but my soul was full of sad thoughts, full of sorrow and chagrin; feeling thus, I dare not, could not, tell all I wished to say. O, Mother, but for that one rash act, the taking of my life, I have had to work my way up the steep mountain of progress, thus far, and now, Mother, darling, the light dawneth, and through it I see thee. I know thy love for me and will return it to thee in spirit and in truth. I love thee, Mother, mine; give me back my love, it lifts me up, it strengthens me in my work of progress.

I know that you now fully understand why it was I took the law into my own hand and closed up my earth life; but I am paying the penalty. I was tempted and I fell, and yet in the fall I loved you, dear, darling Mother, and Father; and now, from Spirit life I come to you in a contrite spirit, asking the sweet memory of the long ago. Will you give it me, Mother, Father, and forget the past; forgiven it cannot be. I know that you and father are true, pure, and good, and I alone have given thee pain, filling your souls with sorrow; but it is past, and I am on the royal road of progress.

We are together here in the Summer-Land, sister and I, and one other, beautifying our home for your coming, and at the head of the Golden Stairs we will meet you, in that glad morning of life when you lay off this old mortality for immortality.

O, Mother, darling Mother, do not weep over this one sad, bitter act of my young life. I know I should have lived, and been the staff on which you and father could lean for support in your old age. And now we will let the by-gone errors be, and live in the light of our soul truth. Thou art nearing the Golden Shore; the mountain-tops of the Summer-Land are in sight; already your souls have seen its flashing light; the River only flows between us, the ferryman is waiting the call, soon it will be heard, and then, beyond the River, we will meet and together pass through the Gate Beautiful, and then there will be joy in Heaven, for father and mother will pardon their prodigal son.

And now, on bended knee, I bow before thee, Mother, Father, mine; bless me, bless thy son; kiss me once more while on earth, the mother's good night; then I will go to my home in the Summer-Land, nearer God, for mother's lips once more have given the kiss of love to mine. Darling Mother, good night.

CHARLES W. L.

REMARKS.—Reader, could you have witnessed this scene, you would have wept as we did, and bowed your head in sacred adoration of that divine law, power, will, or mind, we call God. Could you have seen these two old souls with hands clasped in each other's, weep. Could you have heard the angel whispers, Let there be peace in heaven, and on earth good will toward all men, you would with us exclaim, Thank God for Spiritualism.—ED.

MAUD E. LORD'S SEANCES AT ROCKFORD.

Below we publish the results of Mrs. Maud E. Lord's seances in Rockford, Ill. It speaks for itself, and is one of many good results growing out of the work that the N. Ill. A. of Spiritualists are accomplishing. We saw the door open, and telegraphed for her to come at once. Mrs. Lord reached Rockford at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, and gave three of her wonderful test seances in connection with the good work done by the Convention.—ED.

Saturday and Sunday evenings Mrs. Maud E. Lord gave a seance at the residence of J. H. Morrill, the soap manufacturer of this city. Both of these seances are described by those who attended as "highly satisfactory."

There is nothing about Mrs. Maud E. Lord to inspire confidence in her mediumistic powers upon first acquaintanceship. Our reporter was introduced to her Sunday morning, by Ald. E. Smith of the Fifth Ward. She is a fine looking woman, very sensitive, polite, and extremely lady-like to strangers, looked more like a fashionable lady than a prophet or priest

of a new dispensation. A number of those who attended the two seances given by Mrs. Lord in this city, went, fully persuaded that it was a colossal humbug. It is needless to say that the *Gazette* reporter thought so too, until he informed himself from entirely trustworthy sources, that whatever the source of the marvels may be, it is certainly not the chicanery or legerdemain of an expert thaumaturgist. It suffices to leave each to form his own doctrine and join with Cicero, who, in describing the different kinds of magic, says, "What we have to do with is the facts, since of the cause we know little, neither should we repudiate the phenomena, because we sometimes find them imperfect." Perhaps some of our savants may in time give us a name for this new force that is responsible for the phenomena of last Saturday and Sunday night. It is said by scientists not to be magnetism or electricity. It certainly should help Prof. Tyndall out of the materialistic slough he is now floundering in.

The following account of the seance of Sunday night is written by Mr. A. Brainerd, of this city, who was not a believer in Spiritualism, and is not now, but he saw things Sunday night which surprised him not a little.

During the last few days and nights the Spiritual Convention has taken possession of many of our citizens, associating the soul immortality with the spirit beyond the vale. The members in belief, as well as many skeptics, gathered at Metropolitan Hall on Friday last, and continued in session day and evening, with extra seance circles Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. J. H. Morrill, where I was led, from belief or unbelief, to an incomprehensible mystery. Entering the parlor, I was introduced to Mrs. Maud E. Lord, and saw in her a purely effeminate nature and negative disposition, passive in her ways, yet conversed in that free and deliberate manner, as though guided by conscience and impelled by unknown laws.

A circle was formed of about twenty gentlemen, of the most prominent in Rockford, skeptics as well as believers. Being seated, and after scanning the room for whatever my eyes might rest upon for food for that feeling within; the lights were removed and total darkness existed, so much so that the delineations of the window were not perceptible; and as one loud breath silenced with another, and the hush of stillness apparently settled from above, though not frightened, I seemingly felt the thrill of other worlds approach, and the hand of the unseen greet me. From the touch of the hand as it took mine, was of a porcelain sensation, the fingers of not perfect control but combined at the wrist without the palm, and as I grasped it, seemed to vanish instead of remove. The spirit (for I know not what else to term it) continued to linger with me. I asked if it was a certain relative, and if so to answer by three taps in my hand, which was as readily responded to with as much accuracy as though by day, the medium then, from my speaking, described a woman, and with her a boy who (as was termed) passed to the Spirit World several years ago, but described the boy as more anxious to become known. I asked him his name and age which were answered correctly. He patted me upon the face, forehead, and upon the top of the head, and said, to my understanding, in a low whisper, "It's me, brother," seeming the distance of the articulation from my face directly in front, to be very short. This phenomenon presented itself several times to me, while others by my side were more impressed by descriptive figures of a similitude brought up before their mind, of spirits hovering around them that portrayed to their minds scenes having once been living existences.

In the room was a palm leaf fan, guitar, small music box, with crank and tea bell. By a request these were changed from one to another as directly as though in the social circle; the handle being placed in the hand as though directed by sight, the music or bell likewise; and soon the request was for the spirit to take the guitar and pass to the ceiling of the room which was no sooner asked than it was raised to the upper part of the room and remained in tune for some minutes, likewise with the small music box and bell, while the fan, as though it was a hot, sultry evening, kept in motion. A ring which was removed from Mrs. Lord's finger, and placed upon a gentleman's, that she might have nothing material in hand, was asked for, to be placed upon the finger of a gentleman on the opposite side of the circle, was as readily taken and directly conveyed as asked. In order to give knowledge of her location, and not use her hands, Mrs. Lord, by changing her position from time to time, placed her feet by the side of the feet of each gentleman in the circle, and continued to pat her hands during the sitting, and it mattered not what was her position, the obeying of the spirit was the same, to the rear as before her, and would answer the request momentarily when recognized.

It led me to think if the soul of man in mortality was in an incasement, its wings restless oftentimes for their relief, to measure their length and flitter that spark of immortality hence, as the little bird spreads its wings in weakness and sways in unconfidence for awhile till its strength and surety carve its destiny.—*Rockford Gazette.*

Subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Do it at once, and read every word of it, for it is the best Spiritual paper in America. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

To be once in doubt is once to be resolved.—*Shakespeare.*

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE DYING WIFE.

BY ETHEL ETHERTON.

'Tis midnight in the inebriate's home;
No light—no warmth—only the moan
Of wife and mother, dying there;
Breathing to heaven her last sad prayer.
A babe is folded to her breast,
Soft are its slumbers, sweet its rest.
'Twill wake no more! Hark! like the wail
Of Autumn winds, with sleet and hail—
Then the soft lull and gentle rain
Comes pattering on the leaves again:
So falls her words, now swift, now slow,
As memory surges to and fro.
O, list the mournful, broken wail,
Forced thro' those pinched lips, cold and pale—

"Dying, darling, alone!
My bird! my treasure! my own!
Dying of hunger and cold!
Thy mother's arms doth enfold
Thee never so closely as now;
But the cold hath crept up to thy brow,
And thy fair dimpled hands, like white waxen
hands,
Each other doth fold, so pulseless and cold;
Thy wee, tender feet, the cold waves doth greet,
And the light hath gone out from thine eye.
Yet I cannot weep, for I know that thy sleep
Will be tranquil and sweet, where the bright an-
gels meet,
In those beautiful mansions on high.

"Dying, evangel, my pearl!
My last, my only, my girl;
Vainly thy thin lips have pressed
In hunger this famishing breast;
Food hath not passed o'er my lips,
Nor fire warmed these blue finger-tips,
For days. But the angel hath come;
And as the gates backward were swung,
I caught a bright glimpse of our home;
And soft little feet were hastening to meet
Us over the way where the pure angels stay,
And the Father's love shines over all.
The babes which I wept when in silence they
slept,
And I walked in the shade of the pall.

"Dying! aye, dying alone!
Husband and father are gone!
Gone from wife, child, and home;
Darling, we're dying alone;
Dying alone on a pallet of straw,
While the sharp tooth of hunger our vitals doth
gnaw.

With no friend to close the blue lids in repose,
Or smooth back with care the disheveled hair,
When the spirit hath taken its flight,
May some stranger intrude on this dark solitude,
God spare him the sickening sight!
Hark! there's a step at the door!
Thank God, with thee all is o'er!
Eyes no more will unclothe to cursing and blows,
Nor thy low, feeble wail tell the terrible tale
Of hunger, thirst, suffering, and cold.
No; 'twas only the wind rattling the loose blind,
He is drinking wine yet with his favorite set,
Or his arms doth a wanton unfold.

"Dying, Oh God, all alone!
Even my baby is gone!
No one is near, with a smile or a tear,
To cheer my lone way to the tomb.
Hush, 'tis the tread of feet near my bed,
And a warm hand is clasped in my own;
Lo! there is light, soft, radiant, and white,
Yet 'tis not of the sun or the moon,
Nor yet the pale stars peering in thro' the bars,
And there is no lamp in the room.
Look! look! oh, behold, strange visions unfold.
The friends that I left in 'lang syne,'
My schoolmates at play that drooped by the way
Cut down in their beauty and prime,
Are all gathered here; father, mother so dear.
Have I quitted the shores of time?
Have I passed through the vale
With the boatman so pale?
Do I stand on the shore of the bright evermore,
In the light of eternity's day?
Is it here as 'twas there; can a soul in despair,
Still unto the kind Father pray?
Oh, can I go back o'er the bright, shining track
To the world in its sorrow and gloom?
Pity me! him I love more than angels above;
And this world in its beauty and bloom,
Would not be my heaven with him unforgiven,
Still threading life's mazes alone.
O, who that is here will a message swift bear
Up, up, to the beautiful throne?
Who with me will pray for the loved far away?
For this sin that is crushing the world?
Can angels rejoice while this terrible vice
Like a demon unbound in the whole earth is
found

With his banner of misery unfurled?
Nay, chide not; alas, the inebriate's glass
If filled not, would never be drained;
'Tis the vendor of gin and the maker of wine
Whom earth's purest souls hath so stained.
The widow to-day that in anguish doth pray,
The orphan, unaided, unknown,
Owe their sorrow and shame to a drunkard's foul
name!
Yes, but not that drunkard alone;
The man who will sell this dark beverage of hell
To neighbor, to brother, or friend,
Who, for love of gain, deals sin, suffering, and
shame,
Hath not counted the cost at the end.
Then pity and pray for the erring away,
And lift up the fallen and weak;
We know not the wiles with which tempters be-
guile,
Or the many devices they seek.
To work is to pray; then with me away,

To inspire the daughters of men,
Through woman must come this reform, if 'tis
won;
She has conquered, will conquer again.
Restore to her power her God given dower,
Her mission is noble and grand;
The world will be blessed as her wrongs are re-
dressed,
And intemperance swept from the land.

"Then let me go back o'er the bright shining track,
And bear his first child in my arms;
He cannot withstand the soft touch of her hand,
Or repel the sweet power of her charms;
Could God in his love for his children above
Bless the world with a blessing so great,
As to bid us return our loved ones to redeem,
From this heart-sickening, soul-blighting fate?

"Come, Mabel, my precious; come, Johnny, my
own,
We cannot be happy and father alone!
We will shatter the glass, and cool his hot brain,
And show him his sorrow, sin, suffering, and
shame,
And pledge him our love and our ruth;
We'll combine all our power for temptation's
dark hour,
And lead him to love, light, and truth!"

Hush! not even a breath; on the bright wings
of Death
Her spirit hath flown, with its prayer, to the
throne,
In an ecstasy banishing pain;
On the same golden thread her shining feet tread
May she visit earth's loved ones again!
St. Johns, Mich.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

MATERIALIZATION A LAW OF
NATURE.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

Whence came we? is as difficult a question
to solve as What shall we be? The natural
art by which we are conceived, organized, and
born into this world does not even outline the
solution of life's mysteries. Who can analyze
the processes by which intelligence organizes
itself in the beauties all around us? Who can
unravel the subtle threads of our own being,
interlacing matter and forms of matter with
rational consciousness? Things are and we
are. We shall have to date here. Though
our knowledge may fail us in the finding out
of causes, we have an instinct that helps us, or
at least the argument of fact that will lead us
to know what is and what will be.

Certain as that we can see there is a life-
principle in the lily-bulb, blooming into white
lips; in the cold, seemingly dead acorn, sloshed
in the frosted mud, developing into the oak;
in the slimy pool that gathers its infusoria, and
thence its flags and reeds and frogs; in the
inert rock, which the ages of attrition crumble
and pulverize into nutritious soil that, by and
by, is entangled with roots and grass and trees.
There is a chemistry at work here, a creative
power, ever moving, ever pulsing, ever unfold-
ing, ever refining the grosser to enparadise our
world.

What, then, is death, but nature's divine
method of resurrection from lower to higher,
ever thus ministering to something undying,
ever bringing out the good to culminate in the
immortal? Look at your old shoes, and then
at your live feet; look at your wasting gar-
ment, and then at the body which it encloses;
look at your body, when grown old, and then
at the lingering intelligence that prays for de-
liverance; at the full-developed child to break
from its holy of holies, where it is gestated, to
begin a changed life.

What is it that builds? that builds up your
houses, your railroads, your farms, your multi-
form industries? that builds up beauty in the
sky, on the sea, on the land, in the flower, in
the singing bird, in the human organism, so
perfect and fascinating in all its organs and
functions of life? Is it not intelligence? an
intelligence that conquers all obstacles and
coronates this material universe with immortal
entities? See the tree again; how it stands
up, how it balances itself, how graceful in limb
and leaf, hugging close to its brother in the
great forest, to protect the better against the
tempest; is not here the materialization of in-
telligence? See the wondrous sea again; how
its waves beat and howl, how it heaves up its
tide and relapses to rest, like the involuntary
beat of the human heart, blessing all shores
and climes and races; is not here a generous
materialization of intelligence, vital as the blood
in our bodies? See the vapor rise and rain
upon us, electric with virtue, and the landscape
clothed with a freshness; is not here the ma-
terialization of intelligence? See the arch of
stars overhead, when the dark comes on, voic-
ing in their twinkle the truth of other worlds
than ours, teeming with busy populations; is

not here the materialization of intelligence?
See the races of life, the instinctive fishes, the
tribes of reptiles, the insect world, the birds
that swim the air, the animal kingdoms of
higher mold, and the human that rules all as
lord; is not here the materialization of in-
telligence? See this drop of human blood; it is
red, chemists analyze it, and say it contains
water, iron, and other ingredients in solution;
but is this all? Let it course through its heart,
through its vitalizing lungs, thence back to its
heart, thence through its arteries and absorb-
ants, ramifying and tingeing every part of the
body; what of it now? It is built up in new
form, a living organism, the materialization of
intelligence, thence supporting brain, and brain
mind immortal, linking with the angel world.

Thus nature unmistakably verifies, as a sub-
stratum, the newly developed gospel of Spirit-
ual embodiments of the loved ones gone, iden-
tical in our joyful presence.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

WHAT NEXT? IS IT TRUE?

BY WATCHMAN.

In the daily *Sun's* (Oct. 28) report of doings
in Moody and Sankey's great fandango in
Brooklyn, is the following startling enuncia-
tion: When the preacher closed "Mr. Tal-
madge desired to tell the people how their
prayers the previous morning, for the recovery
of his wife, had been answered. That prayer
went up to God for a woman who was lying
sick in Charleston. It was flashed from here
to heaven on angels' wings, and from heaven
to Charleston without the loss of a moment's
time. The only delay was in the telegraphic
line that brought that message, that my wife
had suddenly improved, was almost well, and
would sail for home on Saturday."

Was this a fact, or was it an idea stolen from
a diagram in one of A. J. Davis' works? Was
it God's work, or the Devil's? For which you
have so blatantly contended, or have you pro-
gressed up to the Roman Catholic dogma, that
God's work is restricted to our church, whilst
all else is the work of the Devil? We pause
for a reply, anxious to see which horn of the
dilemma you select. Verily, verily, the world
moves, with the car of progress dragging in
the rear and stern foremost, the whole clan of
chief priests, elders, scribes, pharisees, and
hypocrites, who vainly suppose they are lead-
ing in the van, as their backward view disclo-
ses no person or thing in front of them. The
signs of the times clearly indicate that this
motley crew, with their usual effrontery, will
ere long claim all the honor and emoluments
accruing from this hard-fought Spiritual battle
and triumphant victory, achieved (as they have
ever contended) by the Devil.

Fremont, Ind.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

LEARNING THE WAY.

BY ELLA.

BRO. PALMER: The retiring, sensitive wo-
man, shut off from congenial companionship
in her home, may not find nor seek it else-
where, as a man may find it with his brother
man. Indeed, I do not wish to lose my hus-
band, much less my precious children; yet I
do feel that I am robbed of much, by having
no person to converse with about things that I
read or write; not being sufficient unto myself.
We women may boast of our increased rights,
but we all know that we hardly dare call our
souls our own, especially if our husbands hap-
pen to be ignorant conservatives. Do not un-
derstand me to endorse anything that will
lower or degrade humanity. I simply think
that women, married or single, have a right to
enjoy pure friendships which benefit and in-
spire them, physically, mentally, and spiritu-
ally.

Such associations revive, as the dew revives
the wilted flowers. It is as natural for me to
love the good and beautiful as it is for me to
eat and drink. If I suffer much I also am fit-
ted to enjoy much, therefore I am compensated.
I shall not be permitted to "jump into —"
Guardian angels watch over me. Circumstan-
ces may influence, but not control me entirely.
My brother, I am sorry, yet glad for you;
glad that you have, through tribulation, come
up to happiness. Still, I think but few who
have risen above the animal pleasures can be
perfectly happy here, while the world is in the
state it is, unless we become very indifferent to
our surroundings.

I am undeveloped to my conditions, and am
very faulty, so much so that I sometimes de-

spair of ever reaching the high standard that
I have set for myself. "Jesus wept," and he
prayed, "Father, if thou be willing, remove
this cup from me." And he was unable to
carry his cross alone up to Calvary.

Brother, you and I, with many others, are
bearing our cross up to Calvary; let us help
each other, and our burdens may become light-
er. I am pleased that you have written, for I
needed just such help as your words have
given. You wept; I weep and am sorrowful;
but we are not cowards, for we are yet able to
say, "Thy will be done." I am slowly but
surely learning the way. Pray for me, brother,
and I will ask the good angels to help you
bear your cross, for I know there are times
when your sky seems dark.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

WHAT COURSE OUGHT MEDIUMS
TO ADOPT THAT THEY MAY
ACCOMPLISH THE MOST GOOD.

BY E. W. BALDWIN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., NOV. 18, '75.

BRO. WILSON: It has often been remarked
that the people should protect our mediums.
Such a course on the part of the people would
be a very sound one, but it looks as if man
would need to undergo some changes before he
attempts to act in this character. Imposing
and elegant edifices are erected for the protec-
tion of the pauper, the insane, the criminal and
the inebriate; but the discoverers of anything
new in the realms of knowledge have not been
protected by the people (or rather the leaders
among the people), except sometimes to place
them with some one of the above four classes.
Until this change takes place, mediums, it
would seem, will have to protect themselves.
To do this they require knowledge, and that
of the right kind.

Most mediums have but a short career, and
that is the last that is heard of them. The
people, then, seem decided to let the mediums
take care of themselves, and this in the most
comprehensive sense, may be for the best. This
self-care, however, involves the great question
of how it may best be done. It has been as-
certained that they need to be on their guard
quite as much against the intrusion of unin-
formed minds, disembodied, as against mortals.
Mediums are "middle-men" between the two
worlds, and while they would do justice to
each, they don't want themselves destroyed in
the work. Many mediums are benefitted by
their mediumship, and this is as it should be;
some others are not, and this is as it should
not be. A certain kind of education, equiva-
lent in a measure to what is demanded by our
professions, would supply the want.

Institutions should have founders and en-
dowers, for the education and preparation of
mediums. They should be educated in a know-
ledge of how far and to what extent they should
yield to spirits; how to treat each of the vari-
ous classes of spirits, and be enabled to ex-
plain to mortals the innumerable laws govern-
ing intercommunication. Until this or similar
advantages are offered, they must take the
matter in their own hands and be "self-
taught."

For the Spiritualist at Work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

If old theology was swept from the face of
the earth, and the true doctrines given to the
human family, as it is intended that it should
be understood, the way would be open, and
our friends in the spirit world would return
by right and erect a temple where true prin-
ciples and doctrines would sound their trumpets
to all the world. We are rejoiced that the
Liberals are assisting us in this work. They
have closed the Bible to many children, leav-
ing them to seek out from the works of nature
a belief that in their mature years will assist
them in their decision in regard to that part
of the Scriptures which should not be rejected.

"Hold fast to that which is good." And if
at first you do not succeed, try again, and
again. In this early training the child will
learn what true Spiritualism is. We do not
really need the tools of the different religious
sects, or theories, but we are greedy enough
to accept anything that will open the eyes of
our children to the laws of their own natures,
and help them to maintain their individuality
in the niche of life, and through their organs
of speech a fresh impetus is given to the good
work of preparing them for their life in the
summer land.

M. P.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
ANSWER TO TINNEY.

BY A. B. CHURCH.

FRIEND TINNEY: You talk about "the sun, moon, and stars, as composed of land and water," also, "the same law that governs our world, governs all"; perhaps true, but I never hinted such ideas. Not only the sun, moon, and stars, but also the land and water of our earth does not become "invisible"; neither can you prove "the visible and invisible are constantly changing places," nor conceive their appearance. If you can, please inform us what air, gas, atmospheric heat, and hydrogen gas look like when made visible. Don't forget this, so your assertion will not be "all bosh." "Any ten-year old school-boy will tell you" they never become "visible," nor the sun, etc., "invisible."

To my mind, you mix fallacious ideas with truthful ones, "inviting a refutation," with talk about "impeaching the evidence of one's senses," when no one can reject and set aside strong honest convictions, nor have them at will.

If "reciprocal relations are based upon the visible and invisible," what has the Rocky Mountains, a chamber pot, or a mud turtle, to do with the production of air, gas, heat, etc.? or the latter with the production of a mountain, etc.? Give us some proof, if you can, even by your "chemical analysis." You say, "assertions independent of proof are not worth much"; so I say. You also say, "all things are derive from each other." When you give the proof, or show how a whale can be "derived" from a humming bird, or Aetna and Vesuvius from a friction match or the ashes of a cigar; or give the *modus operandi*, you will adduce evidence not yet perceived, for some of your assertions.

You ask for "a specimen" respecting the independence of life over matter. Before you or myself was born, was not life then existing? If it was, was it not truly independent—of the matter that we were subsequently invested with? Is not the life of a cherry tree independent and a separate essence from its dead branches? If not, then its dead branches must be living entities, which is absurd.

You seem to view the mind and matter of humanity as one and the same, and that earth matter has no mind, which to my view is also absurd. You certainly must assent to the idea—aye, the fact, that there must have been life wherein the effects of mind are manifested—and of course mind existed.

Does not the existence of mines of salt, iron, coal, tin, lead, gold, silver, etc., and the universe itself, furnish abundant evidence of life and mind in their production? As much so as the existence of machinery for making cotton or woolen cloths, steam engines, the printing press, etc., etc. The facts are, the signs of mind are seen on all sides. Everywhere, with a little examination, it will be found that all art, science, law, etc., are invisible and insensible; are known to us through their relations to the visible and sensible; the unseen and spiritual governing and consoling the seen and material. Nos. 1, 2, 3, etc., represent ideas which have exact relations; so, also, of measure, weight, length, breadth, etc.; they are all invisible, imperishable, and consequently eternal. Such ideas are wholly spiritual, and never of themselves present to outward sense. Ideas that are indestructible and eternal; can the living mind from which they emanate, which studies, analyzes, and comprehends them, be any less so? Think of this, and also the fact—yes, sir, fact—that like produces its like in all nature, and that they do not have their origin by "disintegration," but from life itself, and never from decaying substances.

You say, "the world has been drenched in the blood of millions," the result of "the insane, infernal opinions" I have, and you seem to include nearly all Christendom in the category. It is a terrible assertion, and not sustained by facts. If true, the sooner such "insane, infernal" people are cared for in an insane asylum, or converted into a muck heap, the better.

Can you have all the intelligence and truth extant, or its best ingredients, and millions are destitute—all wrong, "insane," etc.? Can you suppose they will view you as friendly, charitable, complimentary? My own opinion is, they would consider you a weak Daniel come to judgment; one wholly unable to put a quietus on jarring opinions.

As you are wholly unable to even conceive of

a time when there was no time, no matter, no mind, no air, gas, heat, or things visible or invisible, or the origin of ideas connected with these allusions, nor when any of them will cease, or the actual condition the things of this world would appear in, to have the visible exchange places with the invisible, I feel a strong conviction you are not competent to decide on the past nor the future, with strong doubts if you can the present, with truthful language.

You allude to water boiled in a kettle as becoming "invisible," when the fact is, it would pass in vapor and be seen, if closely watched, to return to water again. Even if passed in steam, the cold air would soon reduce it to vapor and water again. What a learned instructor! to assert such makes gas, a rabbit, etc.

It seems to annoy you excessively that any one should think mind as superior to matter. You certainly cannot think every one "insane and infernal" on this topic, unless a little addled yourself, or strongly tintured! Those that differ with me I think have honest convictions, yourself included, and their opinions I respect, until they stoop to sneers and innuendo.

If you comprehend facts "constantly occurring before all eyes," as I perceive them, you would discover that mind—yes, sir, mind—precedes all formative processes of nature; the forms and relations of matter being consequent. True, mind cannot manifest itself to our material senses, independent of matter; hence, you will say, cannot be superior. The reason I think it superior is, because mind expands and grows with use, while our bodies waste away by use, as also the tools that humanity uses. Every one must admit that mental action precedes waste, aye, and exists before tools are made; *everything produced is thought out first*, is spiritual. Is the living, creative thought equally or more destructible than tools?

If not, then mind—yes, mind, friend Tinney—that never grows old or wears out by use, must be superior to matter, and plainly thus perceived by a consistent, reasonable mind; therefore, MIND before matter, now and forever. Yours for all truths.

Columbus, Ind., Dec. 25, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Jan. 17, '76.

BRO. WILSON: The good work goes bravely on; the Liberal League of this city hold their meetings in Harrison Hall every Sunday, and the hall is usually packed to its utmost capacity. Their meetings are attracting much more attention than any of the services at the churches. Whittle and Bliss were unable to arouse the members of the churches from the apathy and indifference which they feel towards the effete doctrines of orthodoxy. Probably one reason why God could not reach the hearts of the sinners in Minneapolis during Messrs. W. & B.'s efforts was that E. V. Wilson was holding forth to multitudes at the same hours in Harrison Hall, and instead of directing their hearers to flee from the arch enemy of mankind they could only say "Keep away from Wilson, and thus save your souls." But they would not keep away.

Wm. Denton has just closed a course of five lectures in the Opera House, which was nightly filled to overflowing with the elite of the city. He regaled our citizens with some of his most radical lectures, such as "Men, not God, made the Bible," and "What shall we do to be saved?" On the 20th he commences another course, one of which will be, "Materialization of Spirit Forms." Casts of Spirit forms will be exhibited.

Scores of private circles are being held in different parts of the city, and many mediums are being developed. G. W. S.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular session of the Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, Ohio, held at Temperance Hall, Sunday, Dec. 12, 1875, the following was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, late of this city, passed to the higher life, Nov. 30, 1875, from Madison, Lake Co., Ohio, and,

WHEREAS, Sister Thompson, having been identified with this Lyceum since its organization, and in view of her ever earnest and well directed zeal in the Lyceum cause and the cause of Spiritualism generally, and her untiring efforts in behalf of this Lyceum, we deem it not only a duty, but a privilege, to give expression to our feelings on this occasion; therefore,

Resolved, That we regard the life labors of our ascended sister, for the promulgation and spread of the soul cheering truths of Spiritualism, as worthy of all commendation, and al-

though she has passed from our sight and joined the higher Lyceum of which she taught, we know that the cord of love that bound us together is not broken, and that we shall still be able to feel her blessed presence, and sometimes hear her inspiring words, leading us onward and upward in the path of progress.

Resolved, That we tender the friends and relatives she has left behind, our warmest sympathies, referring them to the teachings of our beautiful philosophy for consolation and support in this trying hour.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family, and also forwarded to the *Banner of Light*, the *R. P. Journal*, and *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, for publication, and that they be recorded in the Lyceum book of records.

A. DUNLAP,
L. W. GLEASON,
MRS. P. T. RICH,
JOHN MADDEN. } Com.

REMARKS.—Another star added to the cluster of gems forming the great Lyceum of infinity. Our Sister Thompson has gone to her reward, the reward awaiting the good and the true. She is not dead, but liveth forevermore. We of the earth sphere have lost a true sister, one who knew her duty and did it. For fifteen years we have known Sarah M. Thompson, and have worked with her, in the desk, the lyceum, the convention, and in all these years we do not remember of hearing her complain, or find fault with any.

And now that she is robed in immortality, we know that she will not forget her family or friends, and all those she loved. We shall meet her and greet her in spirit and in truth. Our ascended sister; to know her was an honor; to listen to her loving counsel, when the angels controlled, was a blessing indeed; to be her friend a joy; and now that she is an angel, we feel that she will not forget us. Then let us rejoice in her advancement, for all is well.—Ed.

WARNING.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Dec. 19, 1875.

It scarcely occurs in the history of organized bodies that they feel compelled to direct their corporate powers against a single individual, and their only justification for such action must be in their duty to defend themselves, individually and collectively, against misrepresentations and malicious and invidious insinuations. And

WHEREAS, one, James H. Hudson, formerly a member of the "First Spiritual Society of Terre Haute, Ind.," but having voluntarily tendered his resignation, April 3, 1868, which was accepted by the Society, has since that time persisted in willful falsifications concerning the condition, conduct, and principles of said Society, and in the most malicious and indecent manner traducing the character of its members, and especially all ladies and speakers who have been connected with or employed by said Society; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, officers and members of the "First Spiritual Society of Terre Haute," pronounce all statements made by said James H. Hudson, concerning us, collectively or individually, unworthy of credence and liable to be false.

And furthermore, we desire especially to warn all Spiritual Societies throughout the country against receiving or crediting as true, his base and villainous statements and insinuations regarding the social standing and virtue of our Spiritual speakers and mediums. Given under our hands, this 19th day of December, 1875.

L. B. DENEHIE, Pres.
JAMES HOOK, Sec'y.

A SCENE FROM LIFE.—In all large cities and towns, there are incidents occurring every day, which, if the novelist should portray them in a book, might "point a moral," far more instructive than any sermon. Take the following:

A young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern, and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by, silent and sullen, and when they finished, he walked up to the landlord, and thus addressed him:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a young man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more, and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way. There is no hope for me; but they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them."

The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God help me, this is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!" And he kept his word.—*Boston Investigator.*

All human virtues increase and strengthen by the practice and experience of them.

Hatred is self punishment.—Hosea Ballou.

I love sometimes to doubt, as well as know.—Dante.

What is more miserable than discontent?—Shakespeare.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.—Bacon.

The great worries of life are the so called "little things" which are from day to day left unadjusted, till they fasten their victim like a net. The men who die of "overwork" are not so much destroyed by their great and useful labors as by the vexatious trifles which accumulate till they produce a condition of chronic fever and unrest.

A kind hearted lady was once reproved quite sharply by a friend for giving money to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor and asked charity in the streets. "Suppose he spent the money for rum," said the suspecting and censorious friend. The quick and generous answer was, "If you must suppose at all, why not suppose that he has spent the money for bread? Why suppose what is evil about any one when you are at liberty to suppose what is good and noble?" That lady had the true Liberal spirit.—*Exchange.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAND OPPORTUNITY FOR KNOWLEDGE.

We will send one copy of Dr. Stone's great work, *The New Gospel of Health*, a book of 519 pages, newly bound in cloth, containing over 120 illustrations, and one copy of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, for one year, to any new subscriber, for \$3.50, free of postage.

We will send Kersey Graves' great work, *The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors*, 12mo., cloth, 380 pages, price, \$2, and one copy of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, for one year, postage paid, to any new subscriber, for \$3.

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NOTICE.

The First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cleveland meets at Temperance Hall, No. 184 Superior street, every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. L. W. GLEASON, R. Sec. D. S. CRITCHLY, Pres.

MRS. J. A. PROSCH,

33 Lafayette Place, New York. Instruction given in Poetic and Dramatic Reading, Stage business, etc. Terms moderate.

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PROF. P. VAN HYATT,

Of California, will remain East until the first of December. He is prepared to give a course of lectures on the "Lost Arts." Other subjects are

1. "Inner Life of Life."
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Power has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons and sometimes to indicate their future, and their best locations for health, harmony and business. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state age and sex, and enclose \$2.

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DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Omro, Wis.

Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us living truths, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

TO A FRIEND.

BY AGNES.

Yes, my friend, I know full well
All the sorrow you would tell,
And the loneliness of years;
All the shadows and the fears
Which have crowded round thy way,
Shedding darkness o'er each day,
'Till thy weary, famished soul
Vainly yearned to cross the goal,
Where, beyond this world of care,
Each their just reward shall share;
There, removed from worldly strife,
Dark temptations of earth life
Nevermore can hold control
O'er a weak and saddened soul;
But with love divine be blessed,
Where the "weary are at rest."

I myself have wandered long
In a land devoid of song;
Where no bird with plumage bright,
Caroled sweetly with delight;
Where no pure, meandering stream
Tranquilized each fitful dream;
When no gentle, loving tone
Cheered my laden heart, and lone;
None to counsel, aid, and guide,
Or encourage when I tried.
Earnest efforts, all in vain,
Aching body, heart, and brain,
Till in frenzy oft I cried,
Would in youth I could have died.

O, the anguish of the heart,
When no other shares its part,
Where no sunlight, pure and warm,
Love illumined, sheds a charm
O'er the dark and tangled way,
Closing out the light of day;
Treading through the desert drear,
With no loving presence near.

This has been my lot to live,
Ever praying Heaven to give
One kind friend, to know and feel
They were true, in woe or weal;
Mine to cherish, love, and bless,
Crown my life with happiness;
Strew my pathway with sweet flowers
Which should brighten all life's hours.

Thus I feel that we can be
Friends in deed and unity,
Counting not our lives as lost,
Or the chasms we have crossed,
Since in sympathy we meet;
Ours a friendship, pure, complete,
Which I trust shall grow more strong
As we journey life along;
Ever faithful to the trust,
Striving ever to be just;
And to-night my prayer shall be,
Heaven's blessings fall on thee.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE UNFOLDING.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

There is a hidden germ in every human form, an ideal to be attained, a folded soul waiting for growth and unfoldment into external expression. Thus I thought, as years ago I watched the beautiful casket containing the soul which was to make glad or sorrowful the hearts of his parents. I said: "Let the testimony of his life be to you a fresh inspiration, daily revealing wondrous truths, and adding golden grains to your loves, duties, and interests."

With tears of reverence and thankfulness, the fond parents baptized the little offering, and gave him in his young life to the great Destiny which alone could shape his ends. Beautiful was the prayerful act of the loving ones, and their hopes went out into the distant future, asking that their darling boy might become a true man, realizing their highest conceptions of a just and noble utilitarian.

I said: "The soul within this form must aggregate to itself such elements as it needs for its growth; it must unfold by a force inherent within itself; it must reach out for the subtle food which will nourish and sustain its continual growth; it must learn that the bitter and the sweet, the darkness and the light, the sun and the shade, will alike be necessary for the upbuilding of the individual structure."

As years were added to the child's life, I

watched his boyhood, and saw the demands of his nature for truth and causes, and I said: "His spirit will have much to encounter, for his mind is strong and earnest, and his desires must be answered. As you value his future, do not attempt to break his passionate temper, but go out with him in his wanderings upon the great ocean of matter and spirit, of cause and effect, and realize that your boy will have need for all the elements and organs which Nature has so judiciously given him, as he battles with the world for the right. His animal nature is beautiful and Godlike, and is wisely given, that he may develop a strong, healthy spiritual nature, that may assist him in his onward march toward the mount of freedom."

"But," said the parents, "if we restrain not his temper, will it not prevent the good results which we have hoped for in our boy?"

"Dear friends," I said, "what is good and what is bad? Good is a principle which each must understand and practice for one's self; bad is but secondary—'tis but the shade of goodness, and just as important. Indeed, what would you know of goodness but for its opposite—bad? Again, where would be the beauty of a picture without its shadings? Surely they are just as essential as the lights, and both are necessary to constitute the perfect picture. Just so with your boy; he will need to unfold the lesser good, or shades of his nature, thus preventing that sameness which would otherwise follow. Fear not; let him partake of the tree of knowledge that yieldeth all manner of fruits, so necessary for an healthy growth in wisdom. Then will he learn for himself; then will he become loyal to truth, having earned it by a rich and varied experience which will enable him to see life as it is, to witness its conflicts, and engage in its victories."

Pass we along the line of years; we find that Time has set the seal of manhood upon his brow, and the hidden germ is manifest; the several changes from infancy have been passed, and the man takes his position among men, retaining all the experiences through which he has passed. His conceptions of life are real and earnest, and his aims are to realize the largest freedom for thought and expression in all the different departments of life. To-day he works with a noble zeal, with a love that braveth, a hope that endureth, a justice that measureth, and a knowledge that proveth all things right to their time and condition; teaching that all must work and wrestle from the so-called inanimate up to the highest intelligence; nothing is exempt, all are wrestling with opposition.

By that law all nature grows and rounds herself in full and perfect form; by it the great heart-beats of humanity are gauged and measured. Beautiful, then, is opposition, coming to all, raising them from ignorance, not because of sin, but because it is the divine way to light and knowledge, teaching that there is no high or low, no good or bad; but that each step, each form, and each organ hath its use and economy in the ultimate unfoldment of the man and woman.

These lessons learned, the soul will find victory; and when the Golden Gate shall swing open, his franchised spirit will enter, to greet the fond parents who wait his coming, there to continue his labors through cycles of rolling eternities.

Adrian, Dec. 27, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE NECESSITY OF BREATHING PURE AIR.

BY JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D.

The first need a human being has, as he enters this stage of life, is air, pure air, as respiration is his first functional action; and yet, from early babyhood to the "sere and yellow leaf," he is defrauded of this element, although so bountifully supplied by good Mother Nature. In almost every house, especially in winter, we find it excluded to the greatest possible extent, and what little forces its way, almost by stealth, is soon consumed by stove or furnace. The rooms are filled with exhalations from the inmates, and carbonic acid gas, a deadly poison, is soon thoroughly mixed with the air, what little there is, until stupefaction, dullness, nervousness, and a clogged condition of the whole system is the result.

It is estimated that a single individual renders unfit for breathing ten cubic feet of air per minute. If this is a scientific truth, as we are taught, how seriously must the human fami-

ly suffer, in every department of life, from the snug, warm nursery, where the little ones are kindly sheltered from every breath of the atmosphere, to the school-room, where scores of children pore for hours over books, vainly trying to remember lessons, with brains thoroughly drowsy from the impure air they are compelled to breathe.

Then go to our churches, lecture-rooms, or theatres, and see the houses packed and shut tightly, and the air filled with the emanations from decayed teeth, putrid stomachs, ulcerated lungs, and, worse than all, from the unwashed, swine-fed, and tobacco-soaked bodies, sowing the seeds of disease and death everywhere, and we can hardly wonder at the lack of physical health or mental acumen that we see on every hand.

Ventilation, thorough, proper ventilation, of all the places where people congregate or live, is one of the imperative demands of the times, and if this primal law of nature could be enforced, there would be more of bounding health, rosy cheeks, and pure complexions among us. There are, however, I blush to say, many persons among us, that, with ever so bounteous a supply of air, are so unfortunately educated or surrounded, that they have not the capacity to breathe; I mean surrounded by tight waists, corsets, and bands, which impede the natural process of breathing; in fact, the dress of women so interferes with respiration, that you can hardly find a woman who uses the abdominal muscles at all when breathing, the action being wholly in the thorax; the lungs rising and falling in the place of contracting and expanding horizontally, as men or children do.

If pure air could be bottled and sold as some rare remedy, which it would be, every one would be ready to pay large prices for it; but it is now too common and cheap to be prized, or in other words, people are too ignorant of the necessity of proper breathing to purify the blood, and send it freighted with pure nutriment to every part of the system. They do not know how much deep breathing has to do with deep thinking, or that many a stupid brain is caused from lack of breathing heaven's pure air.

But one may query, Supposing I do believe in the importance of pure air to breathe, if I mingle with others where am I to get it? Every corner of the street I turn, the fumes from some tobacco user or beer drinker is blown in my face. If a gentleman calls, leaving his cigar outside, his clothes and person are so saturated with the nauseous weed that the whole room is filled with it; the little child draws this poison in with its first breath, and where shall we escape it? Not even the house of God, as it is called, is free from its infection. The nation is defrauded of its right to pure air to breathe by the abominable practices of its people, and when shall we look for a change for the better?

Only when people shall become more enlightened, better educated on this subject, and come to realize the evils that come of it, can we hope. Where are the teachers that can give to the people teachings that will be as healing to the nation, bringing people to a comprehension of the simple, natural laws of human existence, so as to save so much suffering, misery, and premature death? Let every one who does comprehend and understand the situation, speak in thunder tones, so that even the spiritually and intellectually deaf shall be made to hear.

Open your houses to air and sunshine; have no close rooms, loosen your clothing, inflate your lungs to their utmost capacity, bathe often so that your skin, for that is also a breathing organ, may absorb the atmosphere and throw off the waste matter, that will keep your body pure. Throw away your veils and mufflers, open your sleeping apartments, roll up your curtains, open your blinds, and invite health from the pure fresh air and the glorious sunshine; then will your lives be happy and your hearts glad.

SPIRITUALISM.

We present our readers with Col. Paul Bremond's account of the Livingstone affair in Houston, Texas. Those of our readers who have read the report in the *R.-P. Journal* can draw their own conclusions in regard to the truth of the affair; and yet it is as near the truth as the *R.-P. Journal* usually gets.—ED.

MR. BREMOND ON THE LIVINGSTONE AFFAIR.

To the Editor of the *Telegraph*: Noticing an article in yesterday's paper that you copied, an extract from the *Chicago Religio-Philosophical Journal*, to the effect that said editor had written me, two days before the account of the outrage upon Edward Livingstone had reached there, "that said man was an imposter (but it seems that the mischief was already done), that

the proceedings were exactly right; that the tramp had been compelled for once in his life to contribute his ill-gotten gains."

These words astonished me, coming from the source they do, and I think now that the writer must have been misdirected. I cannot better reply than to say, the few rowdies who principally occupied the galleries, went there for the express purpose of breaking up the meeting, and the exhibition of Spirit power which they would have witnessed. Several gentlemen told me, since the row, they felt desirous of witnessing the manifestation, but did not attend with their families on account of parties going there to break it up.

The medium stated several times before the curtain fell, unless order was preserved that he would drop the curtain; finally did so, retiring quietly, amid the shouts of the rabble, white men and negroes, the young men who went there for the purpose to disturb the condition of harmony so necessary for good results succeeding. This man, had he been an imposter (though he was not), should not have been treated as he was. It was certainly the duty of the officers of our city to have protected him, both in his person and rights. He had paid for the rent of the city Opera House, board bill at the hotel for himself, wife, and agent, his printing bills, license, and incidental expenses. Certainly there never has been a greater outrage committed on a man than that inflicted upon the rights of this young man in this Christian community.

It is doubtful if a few of such men, when seated in any of the pews of the churches of this city, in front or gallery, while their pastors were preaching or praying, were shouting fraud, humbug, turn him out, hang him, and the like, the parson would be in a comfortable mood to continue his services.

I have no acquaintance with this man, never having heard of him before his advent here. At St. Louis he exhibited to a respectable audience of twelve hundred. Order was preserved to the end, and he was invited to return, which he has done. The better part of this community should see in the future that individual rights are respected; the day of the inquisition is passed. The day is not far distant when all who took part in this disgraceful proceeding will regret their course. We are living in an age of progress, and I conclude this account by publishing the article from the *Galveston Civilian* of the 17th, which gives a truthful account.

P. BREMOND.

HOUSTON, January, 1876.

In compliance with your request, I give you the particulars of the Livingstone affair here, which I am able to do from my own observation, as I was present.

He had a good house, went into the cabinet, in two minutes the spirits tied him, and Col. Small examined him and reported that he was securely fast. His hands were behind him, and the rope run under the rail of the chair through to his legs and feet, which were also tied.

While thus situated, his coat was taken off, and he was then examined and the rope found to be as before. In ten or fifteen seconds the coat was put on him again, and he was again examined and found tied as before. Again it was taken off, while the cabinet was closed, and Mr. Tracy's coat put on him. Bells were rung, and hands appeared at the opening ringing them.

He was then untied by the spirits, and the agent brought out an iron wire cage fitting round his body and arms. He asked to be tied in this, to show, while thus fixed, the hands, arms, and sometimes faces, which he said presented themselves. At this a man named Reagan, after working ten minutes or more himself with Col. Small, stated that the man could get out of this wire cage.

Then the row began. Livingstone would have nothing to do with Reagan, as he evidently came there for a row; and to a gentleman in one of the boxes, the medium said, "You, sir, can come on the stage." The rioters had the medium to themselves, and the curtain fell. On this I came away.

After the crowd got out of the theatre, a number of rowdies called for their money, and some of them struck Livingstone. His wife gave up the receipts, and finally it was ordered by some one that it be paid to the Bayland Asylum.

Some of our leading Spiritualists called to see Mr. Livingstone the next day in order to assist him to protect his rights, but he had left as I learn, for St. Louis. I regret this as he is a good medium, and all who deal justly saw the great wrong committed, and feel heartily ashamed that such intolerance should be manifested here.

Mrs. Colby delivered a lecture on Thursday evening. The weather was inclement, and the hall was but partially filled. She is a fluent and logical speaker under the trance influence, and very rapid in utterance. The address gave great satisfaction, and Mrs. C. will speak again on Sunday.

The Association of Spiritualists will probably take Temperance Hall for their meetings, and endeavor to give the new science a push, while Mrs. Colby stays here.

SOUL READING.

Or Psychometrical delineations of character. Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN would respectfully announce to the public that she will, upon reception of a letter containing photograph (to be returned), month of birth, age, married or single, animal and flower preferred, give an accurate description of the leading traits of character, with marked changes in past and future life. Terms, \$1 and two postage stamps. Address, Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN, Box 1205, Adrian, Mich.